

THE
GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JANUARY, 1863.

REV. J. A. WOOD.

The engraved portrait, with which, in accordance with our custom, we introduce a new volume, is an excellent and highly finished likeness of Rev. J. A. Wood, of the Wyoming Annual Conference. Bro. Wood has already been favorably introduced to our readers by his very interesting experience, and to many of them by his valuable, and widely circulated volume, entitled "Perfect Love." This work has met with a warm reception among the lovers of holiness, and has received the highest testimonies from the religious press, and from some of our most judicious ministerial brethren. We can cordially commend its perusal to all our readers, who have not already availed themselves of the opportunity. It is natural for us to desire to form a familiar acquaintance with those whose writings instruct us; and rather against the judgment of Brother Wood, in accordance with our wishes, he has furnished us with a short sketch of his early and ministerial life.

He writes:

I was born in Dutchess Co., N. Y., June 24, 1828, and am now thirty-four years of age.

I felt the strivings of the Divine Spirit when young, and was (thank the blessed Lord!) hopefully converted in my tenth year. I united with the M. E. Church in Berneville, Albany Co., N. Y., in my thirteenth year, and have had a good home in her bosom ever

since, and I expect to until I go to the arms of Jesus in Paradise.

As early as at the age of fifteen, I had deep convictions concerning the duty of devoting my life to the great work of the christian ministry. After several years of reflection and conviction in regard to my duty, at the age of nineteen, I decided to follow the leadings of Providence and the promptings of the Spirit, and commenced devoting all my time and energies to a preparation for the work. I went to Cambridgeport, Vt., in my twentieth year, to prosecute my studies. There I soon received an exhorter's and local preacher's license, and was gradually thrust out into active service.

I travelled under a Presiding Elder one year—the Rev. J. C. Aspenwall, and commenced my ministry at Brookline, Vt., in July 1849. In 1850 I joined the Vermont Conference on trial, and was appointed to Brookline, Vt. In 1851 I was ordained Deacon by Bishop Scott. I was the first man he ordained after his election to the Episcopacy at the Boston General Conference in 1852. In 1853, I was transferred to the Wyoming Conference, and appointed to Aborn Hollow, N. Y. In 1854 I was ordained Elder by Bishop Janes.

In 1855 I was appointed to Windsor, N. Y. In 1856 at Susquehanna, Pa. In 1858 at Court street, Binghamton, N. Y. In 1860 at Brooklyn, Pa. In 1861 at Waverly, N. Y. The present year at Wilkes Barre, Pa.

At the time I commenced preaching many people said I had the consumption and would not live a year. Though I have always been feeble, and I have never enjoyed good health, yet I have been permitted during these thirteen years to hold protracted meetings from six weeks to five months each year; or have devoted over two years and a half to extra revival work. Allow me to say to the glory of God, that I have been permitted to see general outpourings of the Holy Spirit, the quickening of believers and the conversion of sinners on every charge, and during each year of my ministry. Never less than fifty, usually over one hundred, and some years as many as two hundred and fifty precious souls have been hopefully converted to God. I think full a thousand souls have professed conversion on my eight fields of labor.

Since Sept. 1858, (the time the Lord sanctified my soul,) I have seen the blessed work of "Perfecting the Saints" moving on sweetly on all my charges. The revivals on my fields, since then have been more general, powerful and glorious.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. DR. WAKEFIELD.

CONCLUDED.

III. THE TIME OF THIS GRACIOUS WORK.

The attainableness of entire holiness is not so much a matter of debate among Christians as the *time* when we

are authorized to expect it. For, as it is an axiom in Christian doctrine that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," unless we admit the doctrine of purgatory, the entire sanctification of the soul, and its complete renewal in holiness, must take place in this world.

While this is generally acknowledged, however, among spiritual Christians, it has been warmly contended by many that the final stroke which destroys our natural corruption is only given at death; and that the soul, when separated from the body, and not before, is capable of that moral purity which the Scriptures exhibit to our hope.

If this view can be refuted, then it must follow, unless a purgatory of some description be allowed after death, that the entire sanctification of believers is attainable at any time previous to their dissolution. To the opinion in question, then, there appear to be the following fatal objections:

1. That we nowhere find the promises of entire sanctification restricted to the article of death, either expressly or in any fair inference from any passage of Scripture.

2. That we nowhere find the circumstances of the soul's union with the body represented as a necessary obstacle to its entire sanctification. The principal passage which has been urged in proof of this from the New Testament is that part of the seventh chapter of Romans in which St. Paul, speaking in the first person of the bondage of the flesh, has been supposed to describe his own state as a believer in Christ. But it is evident from the context itself, as well as from many other portions of Scripture, that the apostle is speaking, not of one who is justified by faith in Christ, but of one struggling in LEGAL BON-

DAGE, and brought to that point of conviction of sin and self-despair which must always precede an entire trust in the merits of Christ for salvation.

To see the contrast which the apostle draws between one thus held in legal bondage and those who are freely justified, let us turn to the preceding chapter. "Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid! How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so also we should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection: knowing this, that OUR OLD MAN is crucified with him, THAT THE BODY OF SIN MIGHT BE DESTROYED, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead IS FREED FROM SIN." So clearly does the apostle show that he who is BOUND to the "body of death," as mentioned in the seventh chapter, is not in the state of a believer; and that he who has a true faith in Christ "is FREED from sin."

3. The doctrine before us is disproved by those passages of Scripture which connect our entire sanctification with subsequent habits and acts to be exhibited in the conduct of believers *before death*. Thus, in the quotation just given from Romans vi, "Knowing this, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that *henceforth* we should not serve sin." So the exhortation in 2 Corinthians ii, 1, refers to the present life, and not to the hour of dissolution; and in 1 Thessa-

lonians v, 23, the apostle prays for the entire sanctification of the Thessalonians, and then for their *preservation* in that holy state "unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

4. It is disproved, also, by all those passages which require us to bring forth the graces which are usually called the fruits of the spirit. That these are to be produced during our life, and to be displayed in our spirit and conduct, cannot be doubted; and we may then ask whether they are required of us in perfection and maturity. That they are so required we have already shown; and if so, in this degree of purity and perfection they necessarily suppose the sanctification of the soul from all antagonistic evils. *Meekness* in its perfection supposes the extinction of all sinful anger; perfect *love to God* supposes that no affection remains contrary to it: and so of every other perfect internal virtue.

The inquiry, then, is reduced to this, whether these graces, in such perfection as to exclude the opposite corruptions of the heart, are of possible attainment. If they are not, then we cannot love God with our whole heart; then we must be sometimes sinfully angry; and how, in that case, are we to interpret that *perfectness* in these graces which God has required of us and promised to us in the Gospel? For if the *perfection* meant be so comparative as that we may be sometimes sinfully angry and may sometimes divide our hearts between God and the creature, we may apply the same comparative sense of the term to our words and actions, as well as to our affections. Thus, when the apostle prays for the Hebrews, that God would make them "*perfect in every good work* to do his will," we must understand this perfection of evangelical

good works so that it shall sometimes give place to opposite evil works, just as good affections must sometimes necessarily give place to the opposite evil affections.

This view can scarcely be soberly entertained by any enlightened Christian; and it must, therefore, be concluded that the standard of our attainable Christian perfection, as to the *affections*, is a love of God so perfect as to cast out all sinful anger and prevent its return; and that as to *good works*, the rule is that we shall be so "perfect in every good work" as to do the will of God habitually, fully, and constantly. If we fix the standard lower we let in a license totally inconsistent with that Christian purity which is allowed by all to be attainable, and we make every man his own interpreter of that *comparative* perfection which is often contended for as that only which is attainable.

5. The doctrine of the necessary indwelling of sin in the soul till death supposes that the seat of sin is in the flesh, and thus it harmonizes with the pagan philosophy, which attributed all evil to matter. The doctrine of the Bible, on the contrary, is that the seat of sin is in the soul; and it makes it one of the proofs of the fall and corruption of our spiritual nature that we are in bondage to the appetites and motions of the flesh. Nor does the theory which places the necessity of sinning in the connection of the soul with the body account for the whole moral case of man. There are sins, as pride, covetousness, malice, and others, which are wholly spiritual; and yet no exception is made in this doctrine of the necessary continuance till death as to them. There is, surely, no need to wait for the separation of the soul from the body in order

to be saved from evils which are the sole offspring of the spirit; and yet these are made as inevitable as the sins which more immediately connect themselves with our animal nature.

We conclude, therefore, as to the *TIME* of our complete sanctification, that it can neither be referred to the hour of death, nor placed subsequent to the present life. A freedom from the dominion of sin is an attainment which believers are to experience in time, and one which is necessary to that completeness of *holiness*, and of those active and passive graces of Christianity by which alone they are fully qualified to glorify God and edify mankind.

IV. THE MANNER OF SANCTIFICATION.

Not only the time, but the *manner* also, of our sanctification has been matter of controversy. Some contend that all attainable degrees of it are required by the process of gradual mortification and the acquisition of holy habits. Others allege that it is instantaneous, and a fruit of an act of faith in the Divine promises.

That the regeneration which accompanies justification is a large approach to this state of perfect holiness, and that all dying to sin and all growth in grace advances us nearer to this point of *entire* sanctity, are points so obvious that in regard to them there can be no reasonable dispute. But these facts are not at all inconsistent with a more instantaneous work, when, the depth of our natural depravity being more painfully felt, we plead in faith the accomplishment of the promises of God. The great question to be settled is, whether the deliverance sighed for is held out to us in these promises as a present blessing. And from what has already been

said, there appears to be no ground to doubt this, since no small violence would be offered to the passages of Scripture already quoted, as well as to many others, by the opposite opinion.

All the promises of God which are not expressly, or from their *order*, referred to future time, are objects of *present trust*, and their fulfilment *now* is made conditional *only* upon our faith. They cannot, therefore, be pleaded in our prayers with an entire reliance upon the truth of God in vain. The general promise that we shall receive "all things whatsoever we ask in prayer believing," comprehends, of course, all things suited to our case, which God has engaged to bestow; and if the entire renewal of our nature is included in the number, without limitation of time, except that in which we ask in faith, then to this faith shall the promise of entire sanctification be given. This, in the nature of the case, supposes an instantaneous work, immediately following our entire and unwavering faith. We are not to suppose, however, that there is any degree of sanctification attainable in this life, whether instantaneously or otherwise, which precludes the possibility of subsequent growth. It is, therefore, proper that we should regard the work of entire sanctification as being both instantaneous and progressive.

V. OBJECTIONS TO THE DOCTRINE OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION ANSWERED.

The only plausible objections made to this doctrine may be answered in a few words. It has been urged,

1. That this state of entire sanctification supposes future *impeccability*.—Certainly not; for if angels and our first parents fell when in a state of immaculate sanctity, the renovated man cannot be placed, by his entire deliverance

from inward sin, beyond the reach of danger. It has been supposed,

2. That this supposed state renders the atonement and intercession of Christ superfluous in future.—But the very contrary of this is manifest when the case of an evangelical renewal of the soul in righteousness is understood. This proceeds from the grace of God in Christ, through the Holy Spirit, as the efficient cause; it is received by faith as the instrumental cause; and the state itself into which we are raised is maintained, not by inherent native power, but by the continual presence and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit himself, received and retained in answer to ceaseless prayer, which prayer has respect solely to the merits of the death and intercession of Christ. But it has been further alleged,

3. That a person delivered from all inward and outward sin has no longer need to use the petition of the Lord's prayer, "forgive us our trespasses," because he has no longer need of pardon. To this we reply,

(1.) It would be absurd to suppose that any person is placed under the necessity of sinning in order that a general prayer, designed for men in a mixed condition, might retain its aptness to every particular case.

(2.) Trespassing of every kind and degree is surely not supposed by this prayer to be continued, in order that it might be used always in the same *import*; for otherwise it might be pleaded against the renunciation of any trespass or transgression whatever.

(3.) This petition is still relevant to the case of the entirely sanctified and evangelically perfect Christian, since neither angelic nor Adamic perfection is in question; that is, a perfection

measured by the perfect law of God, which in its obligations contemplates all creatures as having sustained no injury by moral lapse, and, therefore, requires perfect obedience. But men, though wholly sanctified, are nevertheless *naturally* weak and *imperfect*, and so, are liable to mistake and infirmity, as well as to defect, in the *degree* of that absolute obedience which the law of God demands. It may also be remarked that we are not the ultimate judges of our own case as to the defects or fullness of our obedience, and we are not, therefore, to put ourselves in the place of God, who "is greater than our heart." St. Paul says, "I know nothing by myself," that is, I am conscious of no offense, "yet am I not thereby justified, but he that judgeth me is the Lord." To him, therefore, the appeal is every moment to be made through Christ the Mediator, and he, by the renewing testimony of his Spirit, assures every true believer of his acceptance in his sight.

THE LORD, MY TRUST.

In Thee, oh Lord, have I put my trust.—*Psalms.*

In God alone we trust;
Naked and dumb,
Bowed down by grief and want,
Helpless we come.
In God alone we trust;
Give to His hands
Our hearts for fashioning,
Love his commands.
In God alone we trust
In sorrow's hour.
His love doth shelter us
From Satan's power.
His hand delivers us,
His counsels guide,
We'll through life's sorrows dark,
Cling to His side.
In God alone we'll trust
When Death shall come,
Safely he'll gather us
Up to His home.

E. J. B.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

BY REV. Z. PADDOCK, D. D.

All true piety is founded in self-denial, all self-denial in self-knowledge, and all self-knowledge in self-examination. Hence, the latter exercise must be of the utmost importance to every professing christian, and especially to every one who would be eminent for piety. The idea of living a life of holiness without a deep and thorough acquaintance with one's own heart, is much like gathering grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. The more earnestly we lay open the wounds sin has made, the more earnestly shall we seek the remedy which christianity has provided. Self-examination will lead us to distrust everything in ourselves, and to hope for everything from God. Seeing our own weakness and imperfection, we shall be likely correspondingly to see the necessity of going to the strong for strength, and to the blood of sprinkling for a clean heart.

On the other hand, without this introspection, this scrutinizing look within, we shall be exceedingly apt, if not absolutely certain, to form a wrong estimate of our own character. Even after we have done our best to understand our "secret faults," there may still remain many undetected blemishes; so that we shall still have need to pray, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any evil way, and lead me in the way everlasting." But then to offer even this prayer, without being willing to carry the light of truth into every dark avenue of the soul, every secret lurking place of error, is not only a glaring inconsistency, in itself, but is a line of policy sure to end in self-deception.

But important as is this self-scrutiny, how many there are, even among those who profess better things, who live in the habitual neglect of it. They seem to take it for granted that all is right within, and this simply because they have taken no proper pains to know what the facts are. They have more frequent and more careful reference to the Bank Detector, lest spurious or unsound paper should be palmed upon them,—than to that naturally “deceitful” and “wicked” fountain out of which are the issues alike of life and of death. They are more afraid, it would seem, of losing a dollar than of losing their souls. Their business accounts are not only carefully kept, but regularly posted and honestly scrutinized. They labor to know how they stand in the matter of debt and credit, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year; while in respect to that which concerns their own immortal destiny they are easily satisfied. They know everything else better than they know themselves. As the philosophic Foster justly observes: “It is surprising to see how little self-knowledge a person not watchfully observant of himself may have gained in the whole course of an active, or even inquisitive life. He may have lived almost an age, and traverse a continent, minutely examining its curiosities, and interpreting the half-obliterated characters on its monuments, unconscious the while of a process operating on his own mind to impress or erase characters of more importance to him than all that the figured brass or marble that Europe contains. After having explored many a cavern, or dark ruinous avenue, he may have left undetected a darker recess in his own character. He may have conversed with

many people, in different languages, on numberless subjects, but, having neglected those conversations with himself, by which his whole moral being should have been kept continually disclosed to his view, he is better qualified perhaps to describe the intrigues of a foreign court, or the progress of a foreign trade, to represent the manners of the Italians, or the Turks; to narrate the proceedings of the Jesuits, or the adventures of the Gypsies, than to write the history of his own mind.” *Essays*, page 16.

Persons of such habits can never be good Christians. For it is only by scrutinizing the heart that we can know it; and it is only by knowing the heart that we can reform the life. How often do men attempt to palliate their vices, by maintaining the goodness of their hearts. They do wrong, it is readily admitted, but then their wrong-doing must not by any means be supposed to come from bad intentions. That would be to do them great injustice. The moral interior is all right. Their principles cannot be questioned. But how soon would a little honest self-examination, conducted in the light of revelation, dissipate this fatal delusion. The faithful searcher of his own heart, that “chamber of imagery,” would find himself in the condition of the prophet Ezekiel (chap. 8: 6, et seq.) when conducted, in vision by “the Son of man” from one idol to another, the conductor at the sight of each, exclaiming, “Here is another abomination.” The prophet being commanded to dig deeper, the further he penetrated the more evil he found, while the Divine Guide continued to cry out, “Behold, I show thee yet more abominations.”

Even the good man, who does know something of himself, would find by such an examination unsuspected rea-

sons for deeper and still deeper humiliation before God. He might, very possibly, find reason to doubt whether he would have persisted in doing some good deed, which brought him much credit, had he foreseen that the doing it would expose him to *discredit*. He might discover that what he had thought to be deadness to the world was little else than love of ease. What he had called Christian moderation, he might find to be nothing better than constitutional indifference. His mere animal activity may have been mistaken for Christian zeal; his obstinacy for firmness; his selfishness for pious feeling; his love of controversy for the love of truth; his indolence of temper for superiority to human applause; and so on to the end of a long chapter.

Thousands, by honest self-examination, have made just such discoveries as these. They have found what, from either a superficial examination, or no examination at all, they had really supposed had no place within them. And who is there that desires to be truly pious that does not sincerely wish to form a just estimate of his own individual character? Nay, is it possible for any one to be a Christian at all, who is not willing to see his own heart? To live at random is not the life of a rational, much less of an immortal, and least of all of an accountable, being. Poorly, then, does such a life harmonize with the religion of Him who has said, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

With regard to the duty under consideration, the following directions may be found more or less useful:

I. We should examine ourselves *impartially*. Unless we are constantly and rigidly on our guard, self-love will mislead the judgment. Aware of this

weakness of our common nature, we should always be more ready to condemn ourselves than to censure others. "For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged." How strong is the language of the same writer in another place: II Cor. xiii. 5, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves." Not somebody else, but *your own selves*. Put yourselves to the test, as you would gold or silver suspected of adulteration.

II. We should do it *deliberately*; taking time to look at our whole moral character. The calmest, clearest, most enlightened judgment should be put into requisition. No hurried glance will comprehend the case. The great self-problem can be solved only by the most careful analysis.

Trust not yourselves, but your defects to know
Make use of every friend, and every foe.

III. We should examine ourselves *frequently*. Twenty-four hours should never be allowed to pass without this introspection, this honest effort to know ourselves. The error, if one exists, may soon become incurable. Hence if anything be wrong within, we should know it at once. But how can we hope to know it without self-inspection? This power of introversion is given us for the very purpose that we keep up a *continual* watch upon the soul. On an unremitted vigilance over our interior emotions—our inward habits of thought and feeling—will depend both the formation and the growth of our moral and religious character. The evening will generally be found the best time for this important exercise. When the business of the day is completed, when we are about to give ourselves up to the slumbers of the night, and when all about us is so quiet and so favorable to thought, how seasonable and how proper

is this scrutinizing converse with our own inner selves. It is thus that we not only "make each day a critic on the last," but post ourselves up for life or death, as God shall ordain our destiny. Thus good men have always been in the habit of closing the day.

The writer can never forget how forcibly this thought was brought home to his mind when attending the Oneida Annual Conference, some twenty years since. He was quartered at the same house with the now sainted Bishop Hedding. On his going out to public worship on Sabbath evening, the good Bishop said to him, "Brother, I wish you would excuse me from accompanying you, I am so much fatigued; and then you know the exhausting labors of the closing part of the Conference are still before me, and I must recruit and prepare for them." He had not only preached a long and fatiguing sermon that day, but had ordained both the elders and the deacons; so that no one at his age could be expected to do more. The public service of the evening performed, the writer returned to his lodgings. Finding the chamber unilluminated, and presuming the good man had retired to rest, he determined to pass through his room—which he was obliged to do, in order to reach his own dormitory—as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb him. As soon as he opened the door, however, he heard the tender voice of the Bishop in the opposite end of the room, saying, "Brother, please be seated while I light a lamp; you will find a chair just at the left of the door." The venerable old gentleman experienced some little difficulty in igniting his match, but finally succeeded, when he said, "I have been sitting here by this open window, enjoying the cool air. (the evening being excessively

warm,) and examining this poor heart of mine, to see whether it loves the blessed Jesus as well as it used to." After a moment's pause, he added, his voice tremulous with emotion, "And I think it does full as much—yes, a little more than it ever did before." These were his precise words—words which could be no more forgotten than one could forget he had ever seen the man. Nor can the impression then made in respect to the great value and vast importance of self-examination be ever effaced from the mind.

IV. Finally and especially this self-inquisition should be conducted in view of the right standard—THE WORD OF GOD. It is by this, and this alone, that we are to try ourselves. If the interior be not in harmony with "the book divine," it is because there is no light in us, or, at least, no such measure of it as will enable us to "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." None other but divine teaching will at all answer our purpose. Our ultimate appeal, in all matters of experience no less than of faith, must therefore be to "the law and the testimony." In certain aspects of the case, there may be some little profit in comparing our present selves with our former selves, as well as in looking at ourselves in the light reflected upon us by those claiming to be the followers of the Savior, with whom we may be surrounded. In general, however, thus "measuring ourselves by ourselves, and comparing ourselves among ourselves, we are not wise." (II Cor. x. 12.) The Bible is the only infallible test.

MOMENTARY opportunities are for sowing little seeds, which may produce great trees and shrubs.

THE ALPINE CROSS.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS, ESQ.

Benighted once where Alpine storms
Have buried hosts of martial forms,
Halting with fear, benumbed with cold,
While swift the avalanches rolled,
Shouted our guide with quivering breath.
"The path is lost!—to move is death!"

The savage snow-cliffs seemed to frown,
The howling winds came fiercer down:
Shrouded in such a dismal scene,
No mortal aid whereon to lean,
Think you what music 'twas to hear,
"I see the Cross!—our way is clear!"

We looked, and there, amid the snows,
A simple cross of wood uprose;
Firm in the tempest's awful wrath
It stood, to guide the traveler's path,
And point to where the valley lies,
Serene beneath the summer skies.

One dear companion of that night
Has passed away from mortal sight;
He reached his home to droop and fade,
And sleep within his native glade;
But as his fluttering hand I took,
Before he gave his farewell look,
He whispered from his bed of pain,
"The Alpine Cross I see again!"
Then, smiling, sank to endless rest
Upon his weeping mother's breast!

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but, nevertheless, it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lonely sphere.

TRUTH is always free; the very consciousness of its power makes it bold.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1.

By "the doctrine of Christ," I understand Paul to mean the Christian doctrines; the doctrines of the New Testament. By "the principles of the doctrine of Christ," he seems to imply the elementary principles; the "first principles" as we should commonly speak; those truths of the gospel which are involved in a primary experience of salvation through Christ. He exhorts us to "leave" these principles; by which I understand him to mean not that we are to leave them, as we left our sins when we turned to God, nor as we left our homes when we came to church; but we are to leave these principles as the builder leaves the foundation when he goes on with his superstructure, or as the child leaves his alphabet when he goes into his abs.

The text says, "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." This is the term and this is the doctrine upon which there has been too much disputation and far too little agonizing prayer in the churches, these many years past. I come to talk with you a little my brethren, to-day, in the hope that while we talk on this precious theme, the Master will draw near, and cause our hearts to burn within us, while he opens unto us the Scriptures. No good ever comes of mooting these hallowed themes unless it be done with the purpose to promote in those who hear the experience dis-

cussed. May He who caused the light to shine out of darkness, shine in our hearts, to-day, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.

Many persons object to the term "perfection" as an improper term to be used in regard to men; nor is that feeling to be wondered at, when we consider how much imperfection there is in us all. The difficulty of these persons seems mainly to arise from not considering that a man may be perfect in some one respect, while he is imperfect in others. It is a familiar truth that a man's sight may be perfect while his hearing is imperfect, or that his lungs may be sound though his brain is affected, or his mental powers strong though his knees smite together. When it is said that the Bible view of perfection in man does not include perfection *in all respects*, but only in a particular respect, much of the difficulty vanishes.

But here another class of persons steps in and says, "if there be needed so much explanation to make the term intelligible and guard it against hurtful glosses, why insist upon using it?" The answer is, because it is a Bible term, and especially because it is *the term* principally used in the Scriptures to set forth the purity and completeness of believers in Christ. Indeed it is a favorite word in all the Scriptures for expressing high types of character. More than sixty times is the word "perfect," in some of its forms, used in the Old and New Testaments, in relation to human character. To reject the word therefore as unsuitable to be used in such a relation, betrays a vanity that would dictate to the Author of the Scriptures the words in which it is

proper for him to declare his will to man, and would fain inform the Lord that in one instance at least, he has been unfortunate in his selection of terms. Our true course, in all such cases, is meekly to secure the phraseology of the Bible and to inquire diligently what is, and what is not, included in the meaning of its words.

It is well to observe in this connection that no one is recorded to have used the word in relation to his own state of grace, with the single exception of its indirect use by Paul. [See Phil. iii. 15.] Obviously, it is not the term to be brought into general use by men when they speak of themselves, and there is much sound sense in Job's remark, "If I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse." Still the word is eminently *the word* to be used in signifying a particular state, or stage, of the christian life.

WHAT IS THAT STATE OF GRACE TO WHICH THE NEW TESTAMENT SCRIPTURES REFER IN THE USE OF THE WORD "PERFECT?"

To this question it is best to give first a negative answer; for it seems that the difficulties which have arisen in most minds have come of not considering what *is not* included in the term.

I. The perfection of christian character is not *absolute perfection*; for that belongs to God alone.

II. It is not *angelic perfection*; for it does not pertain to angelic natures. Human nature has been dwarfed and perverted by sin; inbred sin. Every man who becomes a subject of renewing grace is supposed to have injured his whole moral nature more or less by sinful habits. With angelic beings it is far otherwise. They have never

felt the destroying power of sin; but through all their lives have been enlarging their capacities and acquiring new forms of symmetry and new measures of power by their high communion, and the faithful execution of their great trusts.

III. Nor is it a restoration of the *Adamic perfection*. Adam was not only created in righteousness and true holiness, but he appears to have possessed immunity from death, and to have been endowed with the power of intuitively perceiving the nature of each object presented to him. His giving descriptive titles at sight to the animal creation, and to the woman whom God had created for him indicates this. And then, with Adam's holiness was a natural endowment; it belonged to his nature, and would have been transmitted to his posterity, had he not lost it. Christian perfection does not secure immunity from death, and is not the restoration of either Adamic intuition or innate purity.

There is a point however where the perfection of all creatures coincides; a point where Angelic, Adamic and Christian perfection are all on a level; namely, complete devotement of the powers of being, whatever they are, to God, accompanied by the complete possession and control of those powers by the Spirit of God.

IV. Christian perfection is not a perfection of *knowledge*, not perfect freedom from liability to *error* or *mistake*, not a perfection of *perceptions*, or of the *reasoning powers*, or of the *memory*. True, the grace of full salvation acts most happily on all the intellectual powers, but still it does not include within itself any given measure of improvement of those powers, far less the perfection of them.

V. Christian perfection is not a state in which we *cannot grow*. Consisting as it does in the simple purification of the heart from the defilement of sinful imaginations and unholy desires, it ought to be obvious to every person that when grace has wrought this purity within, the Spirit of truth carries forward the work of enlightening and endowing the soul with power and love more easily and naturally than ever before. Accordingly, it is observable that those who are made perfect in love, grow in knowledge, in faith, and in patience, much faster than they ever did before.

VI. Nor is it a state in which we *cannot be tempted*.

The Son of God himself was tempted, and it seems strange that persons who believe their Saviour to be endowed with every perfection, human and divine, and who know how sorely and long he was tempted should assume that a heart entirely pure cannot be tempted.

VII. Nor is it a state from which one *cannot fall*. Angels fell from heaven, Adam fell from paradise, and man in every state of grace is on probation until he dies. The nearer he gets to his Saviour the less likely he is to fall away, nevertheless, what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.

VIII. Christian perfection is not a state of *continual extacy*.

I fear that many of our brethren, who have sought the blessing of perfect love and have at length obtained it, and walked in its light for a season, have after a while let go their hold and cast away their confidence—because the overwhelming joy which they felt at first, and for a considerable time, did not continue perpetually. Cares multiplied, or losses were suffered, or persecution arose, or bereavement came,

and the heart grew sad and heavy: then the Accuser of the brethren came in like a flood and suggested, "You have lost it," and in an evil hour they let go of the strong Arm, and sank in deep places—all from not remembering that full salvation is indicated by

"A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone,"

and not by any given measure of joyous emotion.

IX. Finally, Christian perfection is not the *death of the animal instincts*. Many have erred at this point also. They expected that the animal appetites would be so far paralyzed by the baptism of purity which they sought, as that they would never again have any trouble from that source; and when, by and by, they found that there was still a warfare to be waged at that point, they concluded they were mistaken in supposing they had received the blessing of full salvation, and so relinquished their hold and fell back into darkness. Brethren seem to forget what Paul says about these things. Now we know that Paul very pointedly professed the blessing, in a great variety of ways. He says, "Brethren, be followers of me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an ensample." Again, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblamably we have behaved ourselves among you that believe." "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." In his letter to the Phillipians he speaks at some length of his desire to gain the crown of martyrdom, and rep-

resents himself as reaching forward to it, with the utmost eagerness: then, turning to the church, he says, 'Let us therefore *as many as be perfect*,' be thus minded; in which language, I understand him to profess the blessing of full salvation, in the use of the word perfect, as applicable both to himself and a portion of the church he was addressing. Well now, after professing the blessing in these ways, and in many others, what does Paul say about his bodily appetite? Hear him, "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air, but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

If therefore the holy Paul found that he must keep under his body by constant watchfulness and "fighting," do not be deceived nor discouraged, because you find you have a similar warfare.

But, let no one over-estimate the difficulties at this point. Watchfulness is peculiarly pleasant to a holy heart, and the diligent guarding of the senses and of the imagination against the first approach of unsanctified desires does give a victory in all respects over the clamors of appetite which becomes increasingly easy the longer it is maintained. And as there is a consciousness of degradation when sense triumphs over conscience, so is there a delicious sense of victory in the consciousness of complete self-control.

To be continued.

FAITH in the present Saviour brings blessing to the soul in all its times of need; and when we are obedient and believe God, he accepts our poor faith as the most costly sacrifice.

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

BY MRS. ~~RULMER~~ 88

"The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it." *Rev. xxi, 24.*

"Not the glitter and glory; not the diamond and topaz, no, it is God; he is all in all."
Richard Watson.

"Walk in that light!"—O! who are they
Whose feet shall tread that shining way?
Whose sight, undazzled, shall behold
That pavement of transparent gold?
By angels welcomed, who, O! who
Shall pass those pearly portals through,
And brighten in the glorious blaze
Of that gemm'd city's sparkling rays?

There walk the saved: but not in light
Of suns in seven fold lustre bright;
Nor peerless moonbeams' silent sheen,
Reposing, soft, on velvet green:
No! where the hallow'd radiance spreads
From golden lamps, o'er sainted heads,
Within the temple ceaseless found,
While walk the hours their silent round.

There walk the saved; yes! they who bore,
While traversing life's stormy shore,
Through tears of blood, the hallow'd cross;
Who, purged from earth's terrestrial dross,
Received the Saviour's form impress'd,
Whose signet, on each hallow'd breast,
Enstamp'd the mystic name, unknown
To all but those around the throne.

Who, calm 'midst earth's tumultuous strife,
Drew from himself that inward life
Which spirits breathe, from sense apart;
While deep in each devoted heart,
The formless glory dwelt serene,
Of old, in cherub splendor seen,
Preludes of bliss reserved above,
In perfect light, for perfect love.

Now, all is heaven! no temple there
Unfolds its gates, no voice of prayer
From that bright multitude ascends;
But holy rapture, reverent, bends
Before the mediatorial throne;
Before the Lamb! whose beams alone
Irradiate that eternal sky;
The bursting blaze of Deity!

Soft is the voice of golden lutes;

Soft bloom heaven's ambrosial fruits;
Bright beams the dazzling lustre shed
From radiant gems in order spread,
From golden streets, from emerald floors,
From crystal floods, and pearly doors,
From rainbow tints, from angel's wings,
And all unutter'd glorious things.

Yet, not that city's dazzling glow,
Nor limpid water's crystal flow,
Nor dulcet harmony that springs
From golden lyres, nor angels' wings,
Though glistening with intensest dyes,
Reflected from immortal skies,
Completes the palmy bliss of those
On whom heaven's pearly portals close.

No! 'tis with unfilmed eyes to see
The once incarnate Deity;
Who still, in lamb-like meekness, bears,
Imprinted deep, those glorious scars,
Whence issued wide that crimson flow,
In which their robes were washed below,
Which bought that crown whose splendor
bright

Now spheres them in a world of light.

No! 'tis not all that heaven can show
Of great, or fair, unglimp'd below;
Nor converse deep with spirits high
Who saw these vollied lightnings fly,
Which scathed their bright compeers in bliss,
And hurl'd them down to hell's abyss;
Who mark'd creation rise sublime,
And hymn'd the early birth of time.

No! not with minds like these to blend,
And feel each angel form a friend;
But GOD, their fount, to know and see;
From all-pervading DEITY
To catch the nearer burst of light;
To gain the beatific sight;
Entranced in glory's peerless blaze,
Conform'd to HIM, on HIM to gaze.

THE humble live under promises, and
the proud are under threatenings and
punishment.

A PERSON of small ability can do a
great amount of good by taking care of
his influence.

LET CHRIST COME IN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

What is it to open the door of the soul to Christ? What is it to open the door of your house to a friend or neighbor, but to invite that friend or neighbor to come in? And when Christ knocks at the door of the soul, what is it to open that door, but to say to him, "Enter?" And when, upon your invitation, a man has entered your house, how do you treat him? Your servants, your property, everything you have, revolve around him that you may do him honor. It is your pleasure to do it. And when Christ knocks at the door of your soul, and you ask him to enter, can you do less for him than you would do for a man that you esteemed?

And Christ says that if you make him welcome he will sup with you. He will stay to supper. And if you are wise, you will ask him to take a bed and spend the night. And if Christ once takes tea and spends the night with you, you will never let him leave your house, he is such a sweet friend. There is such a charm in his love and benignity, that when you have once received him into your soul, and taken him by the hand, and sat at meat with him, and eaten the bread that he has blessed, you will not let him go out; or, if he goes out in the morning, you will say, "Lord let not the evening star drop dew and thou not come back again."

My dearly beloved brethren, we need to carry with us the atoning Christ, and the peace-giving Christ. Are you not always struck, in reading the salutations of the Master to his disciples, with the circumstance that when he came among them he said, "Peace be

to you;" and that when he was about to depart from them he said, "My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Was there ever a time in your experience when you needed a peace-giving Christ more than now? Was there ever a time when, for the sake of your own heart-health, when for the sake of your trials in the household, when for the sake of your perplexities in business, when for the sake of the troubles that are beating like a mighty rain through the whole national heaven, you needed that peace which passes all understanding, more than now? Take Christ into the soul. He will bring that peace to you, and establish the kingdom thereof in you.

The day is coming, and is not far from any one of us, when there will be more need of Christ than even in time of war and trouble and disaster—the hour when we shall bid farewell to these mortal senses, and make our first and final venture upon the unexplored future. We have heard voices from that future; there are intimations of it; but it is a great unexplored land to which we go once and forever. Oh for a pilot! Christ is he. "Living or dying," the apostle says, "we are the Lord's." Living you need him, but dying you need him even more.

I beseech of you then, open the door of your mind, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Friend; as your Saviour; as your eternal Reward.

PARDON AND TEARS.—It is impossible a gracious heart can read a pardon with dry eyes; it is the least it thinks it can do, as it were like Mary Magdalene, to wash Christ's feet with its tears, when it hath washed itself with his blood.

HOW TO BE A HAPPY CHRISTIAN.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

Do you wish to know, my brother? Do you wish to know how to keep your heart overflowing full of joy, with heavenly smiles always irradiating your countenance? Simple indeed is the secret.

First then, if you would know the secret, *keep your heart full of love.* Love is the very essence of delight. Heaven is unspeakably full of joy, because heaven is full of love. Perfect love brings the perfect measure of joy. Tell me, young convert, was not that an unutterable joy that you felt when you first began to love. When that deep spiritual affection toward God, angels and men, and toward all that is good first sprang up in your heart, could you not pronounce all your former delights of this vain world as unsatisfying and empty in comparison with it? Tell me, aspiring saint, when your exulting soul first realized the untold happiness of the "love that casts out fear," did you not with holy rapture in your heart, and the shout of glory on your tongue, feel that you could truly rejoice in the Lord?

If your love is a true Christian charity, prompting to deeds of usefulness, you cannot fail to be a happy Christian.

"Charity seeketh not her own." It is as natural for the love of the Gospel to reflect its light and scatter joyful rays on all around it, as for the Sun to impart light and heat. In blessing others, the Christian blesses himself. In the exercise of Gospel love, so naturally flowing out in kind words and generous deeds, joy corresponding to the depth of the charity, flows back into the soul. There is a world of joyful meaning in

the Scripture promise, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." O, Christian, if you do not by happy experience know the joy of doing good; be a stranger to that joy no longer. Like your divine Master seek to "save that which is lost," and to lessen human sorrow, forgetful of your own toil and weariness.

Secondly, *keep your heart consecrated.* Feeble indeed is the joy that comes from a *half-hearted* service of Jesus. I have proved it. I have tried to follow the Master afar off. Alas! in the distance I could not see his smile. I could not hear his melting voice assuring me of divine favor,—that sweet voice that bids the sinner live, and thrills the heart of the delighted saint. O, it is true; without the consciousness of sin renounced and duty done, there can be no happiness in the Christian's heart. And the thought of consecration reminds me of that which more than all else is necessary to happiness—purity of heart. This includes the rest. It is in itself the firstly, the secondly, the whole. I might express the secret in four words: *Do good! be good!* The first, *doing good* in its full realization is a necessary accompaniment of the state of *being good.* Holiness increases love and all the Christian graces.

Yes, dear brother, if you would be happy, *seek a pure heart.* The roots of bitterness springing up in the soul will trouble you. The heart "from sin set free"—the heart in complete unison with God, vibrates to all the rich harmonies of heaven.

Alas, how often the Christian makes the mistake of the worldling, in seeking happiness from earthly sources.

"This world can never give
The bliss for which you sigh."

Come, longing soul, come to the mercy seat. Bow low. There renounce thy sins, and in the pure fountain of life cleanse thy soul. Sink into the ocean of love,—*perfect* love. Thou shalt find heaven on earth begun, when thy love is pure, thy whole being consecrated, and holiness in Scripture measure is thine in happy possession.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.—Think about yourself; about what *you* want, what *you* like, what respect people ought to pay *you*, what people think of *you*; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either.

In heaven either, I say. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell, for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory—so, at least, wise men say—that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will and do God's will like the other angels. He was not content to serve God, and rejoice in God's glory. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own he found he had made a hell. When he wanted to be a little god for himself, he lost the life of the true God, to lose which is eternal death. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish. Therefore, he saw God no more, and learned to hate Him whose name is love.—*Kingsley's Sermons.*

A NIGHT VISION, ILLUSTRATING FAITH.

BY S. G. S.

I am not a believer in signs or omens, but I think that sometimes God permits our mind in sleep to be encouraged or strengthened by a dream. In my earlier religious experience I had been greatly exercised in regard to faith. I was constantly doubting and wavering. One night, in this state, and pondering upon the nature of saving faith, I fell asleep. I thought I was in a barren desert with a dear Christian friend. Before us rose a wall of rough jagged stone several hundred feet high, and extending on either side as far as the eye could reach. We seemed to know that there was a beautiful land on the other side, with no way to get to it without scaling the wall. We looked up, and about half way appeared a man beckoning us to ascend, and holding down his hand to help us. My friend began to rise, taking hold of the rough stones. I followed; but had climbed only a short distance, when I began to falter, and said, "I can never succeed in climbing so high." I again returned to the ground, and then looking up I saw my friend had reached the man, and as he seized his hand their garments assumed a dazzling whiteness. As they rose to the top, I heard distant music and they disappeared. I sank to the ground, buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly over my folly in not going with them; and in my agony of grief awoke, my pillow wet with tears—this then, I inwardly exclaimed illustrates faith—I must believe and venture all on Christ. No matter how rugged the ascent, how weary the path, I must steadily pursue my upward way. This was a turning point in my experience. I felt that I

was justified by faith, and made a full consecration of all to Christ. At that time I was wholly ignorant of the blessed doctrine of Holiness. I was daily mourning over my short comings and fighting against (what I thought I must always have while in the flesh) a sinful heart. I doubt not I may have heard the glorious theme preached, yet it must have been with a feeling that such an attainment was not for me; and my mind was dark in regard to the nature and practicability of this excellent grace. One evening soon after, our new Pastor, a holy man came among us, I went as usual to our class meeting, when he earnestly addressed us upon the importance of seeking "Holiness, without which we could never see the Lord;" and then he explained and made the way appear so plain and easy, that my soul thrilled with joy at the possibility of attaining such a blessing. As I walked home, the world seemed changed, and the moon which was shining appeared like the face of God shining into my soul. Alone that night I laid all my sins at the foot of the cross, and Jesus came in and took possession of my whole heart. The way has been clear and bright ever since—now fourteen years. I have been in the deep waters of affliction many times, but Jesus has led me gently on, whispering "It is I, be not afraid." The cares of life have sometimes pressed hard, but the same sweet voice would again sound in my soul "Lo, I am with you always." I have found through my roughest path, and amidst the most overwhelming sorrow, that most precious promise verified to me, "All things work together for good to those that love God." It is a blessed thing to go to the Lord when we are in trouble, and

in our closet pour out our souls to him. It is a great privilege to go to the prayer and class meetings to meet our Saviour there as he has promised to be: but Oh! it is Heaven below, to have him in the heart, so that he goes with us and abides with us every moment, and we can feel the joy and comfort of his presence at all times.

"HIGHLAND JESSIE."

We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter from Scotland:

"I have made the acquaintance of a dear old saint who knows the Lord better than any I have met with since I have been here. She is distinguished by the name of 'Highland Jessie.' She lives in a little, lowly cottage of only one room, which is just as neat as wax. Now Jessie sees God in everything, and won't see anything else, no matter what comes. Go when you like, any hour in the day, she is ready to drop everything, and fall on her knees before the Lord—always has a promise that has been given, a chapter most precious, all entirely new to her soul—and a hymn must close the call you make, which is sure to be extended far beyond the time you meant without your knowing it; and when you do know it, you know it has not been lost by any means. She has opened her door, or rather it has been open for the last twenty years to the poor fishermen of the village of Exmouth to hold prayer-meetings whenever they come home; and as their business is such as prevents them from having any regular meeting, they club together at any hour, and go to Jessie's, and they always get a welcome—sometimes they become so engaged as to

keep them in till twelve or two o'clock in the morning. It has been my privilege to attend two of these meetings.

I am looking to the Lord—I feel my need—I know my weakness—but is it not our need, and our weakness that unites us to Christ's fulness, and strength? My heart is fixed on God, to do his will. I know that in the Lord I have righteousness, and strength, and either are as much mine, *now*, to save and help me, if I trust in it, as it is his own to glorify himself. As God loves those who give freely so I believe he loves them that take freely and largely hold of the blessed promises."

WESLEY ON PERFECTION.—Mr. Wesley preached at five this morning, from, "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust." He showed what were the things committed to Timothy, and then confined his discourse to the particular doctrines committed to the Methodists, and insisted that the doctrine of Christian Perfection was the one peculiar point they were called to preach and practice, and that no other people under heaven did clearly insist on this as a present and an instantaneous salvation; that they who did not preach it or believe it were no Methodists.

H. A. ROE.

1781.

A word fastened in a sure place may set in motion a good influence that will never cease. It is a foolish thing to go back and uproot the seed to find if it has taken hold. Dropped in faith, the sunshine and rain of God's providence will take care of the germination. And, besides, there is many a deed done and word spoken through the good influence of the moment which we forget, but God remembers to bless.

THE LINE OF DEMARKATION BETWEEN THE HIGHER RELIGIOUS LIFE AND FANATICISM.

BY J. P. CRAWFORD.

The theme before us is one of great importance to every believer in the religious system called Christianity. We therefore enter upon its consideration with an assurance that at least we may be enabled to draw the mind in a direction of interest and profit.

The subject is founded upon the idea that there are states in the religious life, that may with all propriety be called the *higher* and the *lower*. These two states have been clearly understood by Methodists, were clearly defined by the founder of that body, and with it have ever walked hand in hand. As preparatory therefore to the fuller consideration of the subject, it becomes us to notice what is embraced in the *lower* life, and what is embraced in the *higher*. The lower life implies that the soul has attained peace with God. This is a peace which implies reconciliation with God, by which the mind is brought in harmony with the word of God in all its commands, promises, threatenings, and denunciations. This we understand to be implied in the words of the apostle, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The second feature in the lower life we notice is, that there is no condemnation. The soul feels no condemnation resting upon it, on account of any past commission of sin, or omission of duty. The apostle speaks on this wise,— "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." We are also told that "without faith it is impossible to please him."—(God.)

Our Saviour tells us that "he that believeth is not condemned, but he that believeth not, is condemned already." We see therefore that one result of the faith that pleases God, is, that it takes away all condemnation.

Another concomitant is the *witness of the Spirit* that we are the children of God. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." And "he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." This, to the one who is clearly in the lower life of religious experience, is well defined to his soul. The last concomitant of this state we shall notice, is, that the one who walks in the clear light of this state lives without committing sin. For "he that commiteth sin is of the devil." "Who-soever is born of God doth not commit sin? And why? "For his seed remaineth in him and he cannot sin, (i. e. commit sin,) because he is born of God." There is always something that goes *before* committing sin, that is the process of temptation, and when a man comes to the point that he yields in his *will* and *consents* in his heart to sin, he loses that vital connection which is called the new birth relation. The committing the act may be days, months, years after; yea, it may never be committed for want of an opportunity. Yet the person as effectually loses his connection, as though the outward act were completed. We see then, that there is blended in this lower life, peace with God, the removal of all condemnation, the sweet witness of the Spirit. And he lives so near to God, that he lives without committing sin. Thus his inward and outward life is sweetly blended in harmony with the word and spirit of God.

While all this is true, he yet feels the

remains of the *carnal mind* stirring in him, as pride, anger, self-will, revenge, &c. He therefore finds, that in the midst of temptation, he has a strong foe to contend with from without, but he has one, also, within, that he deploras, and fears may one day help the foe without to gain the victory over him.

The higher life, therefore, implies that we be cleansed from all of these, until we feel no pride, anger, self-will, revenge, &c. Till this work is completed in the soul, all our holiness is mixed; we are humble, meek, love God, love our neighbor. But we are not entirely humbled; our meekness is frequently interrupted by anger, or some unholy passion; our love to God is frequently marred by our undue love of the creature. The love of our neighbor by some thought that is contrary to love. But after the experience of this higher life, the soul is consistent. There is no jarring string; all the passions flow in one continual stream, with one even tenor toward God. The essence of this higher life is purity, one design, one desire, entire devotion of all we have and are to God. All our words and actions flow from, and are governed by the pure and unadulterated love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us.

How to walk in this, and yet avoid the regions of fanaticism, is of no small importance to the believer. The difficulty of being able to find the exact line, will be apparent to every one; yet this difficulty, we propose to make the subject of our next.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

OUR ENEMIES WITHIN.—Beyond all doubt, the worst of our enemies are those we carry about in our own hearts. Adam fell in Paradise, Lucifer in hea-

ven; while Lot continued righteous among the people of Sodom. Indifference to little sins and mistakes, the self-flattering voice of the heart ever ready to sing its lullaby the moment conscience is aroused, the subtle question of the serpent, "Hath God indeed said?" these are unquestionably the adversaries we have the most to fear. There never was a fire but it began with a smoke. I beseech Thee, therefore, dear Master, to give me a sensitive conscience, that I may take alarm at even small sins. Oh, it is not merely great transgressions which bring a man to ruin. Little and imperceptible ones are perhaps even more deadly; according to the beautiful figure of Tauler, who says, "The stag when attacked tosses from him the great dogs, and dashes them to pieces upon the trees, but the little ones seize him from below and tear open his body."

A TESTIMONY FOR JESUS.

FROM AN ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

Yes, worthy is my precious Redeemer of such an offering. For the encouragement of kindred spirits, who love to catch the strains ascending from the voice of praise, I would intermingle the experience of a once unregenerate, but now sanctified heart.

Two years ago, in visible communion with the church of Christ I love, the name of Jesus was often the subject of spirit strivings, but as frequently then resisted. But the loving Savior who was thus disonored by a thousand falls, in mercy brought me under the influence of the "Word of Life" in a meeting on the subject of Holiness. Here my real condition was revealed as a stranger to converting grace,

and to that glorious passage from "death unto life," which is the evidence of the child of God. The feelings I experienced while thus under the searching ministry of the Word, were such as to cause seasons of restless anxiety. But I strove to overcome them and conceal in the depths of my own heart the convictions which were fastening upon my conscience. A lover of Jesus spoke to me at the 'close of the meeting. Instead of being gladly welcomed, my proud spirit rebelled against his plain dealings, and I almost resolved to come no more. I did not yield to this temptation, but attended regularly, and avoided very determinedly all communication with the friends present as to my spiritual state. But light began to dawn; the blessed exhibition of the love of Jesus melted into softness the stony heart, and I took it with all its defilement, just as it was, to Jesus, to be made altogether new. Blessed truth! he did not reject the offering, but by his almighty power transformed it into a warm, loving, and believing heart. Then the revelation of Himself as my Redeemer became more and more perfect, and my soul exulted in the sweet assurance that I had passed "from death unto life," the Spirit bearing witness that "I was born of God." "Old things passed away, all things became new."

The means of grace became increasingly precious as I was led into the light, so I felt my need of a full salvation.

The doctrine of Sanctification was so new and mysterious that it was long before I clearly saw the way to its elucidation. The blessed experiences of those who lived in its enjoyment seemed far above the possibility of my attainment. It seemed a state too glo-

rious for my translation. The desire for its possession became more and more intense, and having placed in my hand the tract entitled "Is Holiness attainable in this life?" I took it to the blessed Word of God, and began to search to see if these things were so. Everywhere the sacred page beamed with light, and I saw it was a precious Bible doctrine. God's sure requirement was Holiness in heart and life.

Since that time the "way" became less mysterious; and one morning when the natural sun gilded with surpassing beauty things below, the Sun of my soul—the Savior dear—arose upon the horizon of my spirit with a yet more brilliant lustre; and as a loving sister in Jesus pointed out the simple way of faith, I entered into the blessed possession of "full Redemption through the blood of Jesus." He has effected a mighty work in my experience. Since that happy day, my soul bears the impress of his loving hand. It is filled at all times with a calm repose. "It knows no changing atmosphere, but only perpetual blessedness—that of "perfect love." It has a complete deliverance from self and sin. The old nature has been eradicated, and in its place in all its glory dwells the new creation, "Jesus, the hope of glory." His abiding presence sheds perpetual light. Sweet indeed is it to walk under its glorious influence when it embraces our little all. No trials, temptations, or outward scenes mar this blessed possession. Its peace flows on uninterruptedly amidst them all. The cup is always a cup of blessing, and essentially one of love. No cares perplex or fears invade this refuge of the soul, it sweetly knows no other will but that of its precious Lord. Its as-

pirations are ever heavenwards, and as it soars, it rises higher and higher in the life of God. The precious manifestations of my Savior's love are often overwhelming. They keep me low at his feet in self-abasement. Thus only can I retain this heaven of purity and love, and be day by day meetened for the "inheritance of the saints in light."

KENTISH TOWN, August, 1862.

GOD IN THE HEART.

"Thou hast put gladness into my heart more than in the time, that their corn and their wine increased." *Psalms* iv. 7.

BY ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

Gladness into my heart; to which the gross delights of earthly things cannot reach: they stick as it were before the threshold. *Corn and wine* are only the refreshment of these mean, frail, earthly bodies, and the support of this corporeal and terrene life, but have nothing congenial with and a-kin to the heaven-born spirit. It is said indeed that *bread strengthens man's heart*, and *wine makes it glad*; but the heart there spoken of, is that which is the spring of animal life and natural spirit: whereas, to that heart which holds the preference in human nature, which may therefore be called the governing part, there is nothing which gives light and gladness, beneath the eternal Father of lights and spirits. He cherishes the languishing soul with the rays of his love, and satisfies it with the consolations of his Spirit, as with a kind of heavenly nectar or nepenthe; that, while it confides in his safety, lays all its cares and fears asleep, and lulls it into deep peace, and calm sweet repose; without which, if the mind be a little agitated, no gentle breeze of harmony, no melody

of birds or harp, can bring on the pleasing slumber, during which nevertheless the heart awakes. O happy man, who betakes his whole soul to God, and does not only choose him above all, but in the place of all, waiting only on him! Happy man, who, having been chosen by him with preventing love, and unmerited benignity, embraces his ample all-sufficient Creator for his inheritance and his wealth, often repeating with sacred transport, "My God and my all!" This is the man that has enough; and therefore, to allude to the words of the poet, "He is not disquieted by the raging of the sea, nor any severity of the seasons, whatever stars may rise and set."

God fixes his gracious dwelling in the pure and holy soul which has learned to despise the vanity of riches, and makes it calm in the midst of hurries, and secure in the deepest solitudes. And not merely to find, but even to seek after God, is better to such a soul, inexpressibly better, than to possess the richest treasure, the most extensive empire, or to have all the variety of sensual pleasures waiting upon its beck.

I remember to have read of some military officers, who crossing the Nile, in the same boat with the two Macarii of Egypt, said to them, in allusion to their name, "You are indeed happy, who laugh at the world." "Yes," said they, "it is evident that we are happy, not merely in name but in reality, but you are unhappy whom the world derides, as poor creatures whom it sees entangled in its snares."

St. Augustine also quotes from Politian, a similar example of a pretorian soldier, who walking out with his comrade, found in a cottage, into which he accidentally came, a book

containing the life of the hermit Anthony, and when he had read a little in it, looking upon his friend, said, "At what are we taking so much pains to arrive? What do we seek? For what do we go through the fatigues of a military life? The highest of our hopes at court, must be, to share some extraordinary degree of the emperor's favor. And how frail and dangerous a situation is that! And through how many other previous dangers must we pass to it! And how soon will all the advantages we can hope from it be over! But I may this moment, if I please, become the friend and favorite of God." And he had no sooner uttered these words, than they both resolved upon quitting the world, that they might give up all the remainder of their days to religion.

Holy men in former ages did wonders in conquering the world and themselves; but we, unhappy, degenerate, and drowsy creatures as we are, blush to hear that they did what we cannot or will not do. We are indeed inclined to disbelieve the facts, and rather choose to deny their virtues, than to confess our own indolence and cowardice.

THE PROPERTIES OF FAITH.

BY REV. THOMAS BROOKS.

The first property of that faith that accompanies salvation, is this—it *puts forth itself into vital operations*; it makes a man full of life and activity for God; it will make a man diligent and venturesome in the work and ways of God. Faith is a most active quality in itself, and so it makes a Christian most active; it is a doing thing, and it makes the person doing. Faith will not suffer the soul to be idle. Faith is like

the virtuous woman in the last of the Proverbs, who put her hand to every work, who would suffer none of her handmaids to be idle. Faith puts the soul upon grieving for sin, upon combating with sin, upon weeping over sin, upon trembling at the occasions of sin, upon resisting temptations that lead to sin, upon fighting out to the death with sin. Faith puts a man upon walking with God, upon waiting on God, upon working for God, upon wrestling with God, upon bearing for God, and upon parting with anything for God. Faith makes religious duties to be easy to the soul, to be delightful to the soul, to be profitable to the soul. Faith makes the soul to be serious and conscientious in doing, to be careful and faithful in doing, to be delighted and cheerful in doing, to be diligent and zealous in doing. That faith which is not a working faith, is no faith; that faith which is not a working faith, is a dead faith; that faith which is not a working faith, is a deluding faith; that faith which is not a working faith, is a worthless faith; that faith which is not a working faith, will leave a man short of heaven and happiness, in the latter day. Faith that accompanies salvation, is better at doing, than at thinking, at obeying, than at disputing, at walking, than at talking. *This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God, might be careful to maintain good works.* Tit. iii, 8. Faith will make a man endeavor to be good, yea, to be best at everything he undertakes. It is not leaves, but fruit, not words, but works, that God expects; and if we cross his expectation, we frustrate our own salvation, we further our own condemnation. Faith makes the soul much in doing, abundant in

working, and that partly by persuading the soul that all its works, all its duties and services, shall be owned and accepted of God; as in Isa. lvi. 7; *even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer: their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people.* Faith assures the soul that every prayer, every sigh, every groan, every tear is accepted. And this makes the soul pray much, and sigh much, and mourn much.

Again; faith spreads the promises of divine assistance before the soul. 'O,' says faith, 'here, O soul, is assistance suitable to the work required.' And this makes a man work as for life; it makes a man work and labor, and labor and work.

Again; faith sets the recompence, the reward, before the soul. Says faith, 'Look here, soul: here is a great reward for a little work; here are great wages for weak and imperfect services; here is an infinite reward for a finite work. Work, yea, work hard, O believing soul, for thy actions in passing, pass not away; every good work is a grain of seed for eternal life.' There is a resurrection of works, as well as of persons, and in that day wicked men shall see that it is not a vain thing to serve God; they shall see the most doing souls to be the most shining souls, to be the most advanced and rewarded. O, the sight of this crown, of this recompence, makes souls to abound in the work of the Lord, *knowing that their labor is not in vain in the Lord.*

Again; faith draws from Christ's fulness; it sucks virtue and strength from Christ's breasts. Faith looks up.

on Christ as a head, and so draws from him; it looks upon Christ as a husband, and so draws from him; it looks upon him as a fountain, and so draws from him; it looks upon him as a sea, an ocean of goodness, and so draws from him; it looks upon him as a father, and so draws from him; it looks upon him as a friend, and so draws from him. And this divine power and strength sets the soul working hard for God; it makes the soul full of motion, full of action.

In a word, faith is so working a grace, that it sets all other graces working. Faith has an influence upon every grace; it is like a silver thread that runs through a chain of pearls. It puts strength and vivacity into all other virtues. Love touched by the hand of faith, flames forth; hope, fed at faith's table, grows strong, and casts anchor within the veil; joy, courage, and zeal, being smiled upon by faith, are made invincible and unconquerable. What oil is to the wheels, what weights are to the clock, what wings are to the bird, what sails are to the ship, that faith is to all religious duties and services.

And thus you see that faith which accompanies salvation; is a working faith, a lively faith, and not such a dead faith, as most please and deceive themselves with forever.

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIVINGTON ST., N. Y.

A Presbyterian minister rose and said, "There are some precious souls in the room who have manifested their desire to obtain this blessing of sanctification, that they may be heirs of that joy and peace, which ever accompanies its possession.

The key to this holy life, peace in believing, is to be found in the divine command, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." The whole soul, body and spirit, are included here—it appears to me that there is even more than that—all our interests for time and eternity, are included. Is there anything we would keep back from God? All is implied in that word, bodies. We can never get the blessing of perfect peace, till we get the grace that shall enable us to comply *cheerfully* and *truly* with this command.

Thus Abraham was enabled to receive the blessing of perfect peace, when he gave up all, even his son Isaac, unto God. Thus some seek in vain for this blessing, because their heart strings are firmly tied to some loved object, with which they cannot part, for the Lord's sake. Thus they cannot enjoy the blessing. But God has a wise and merciful way of bringing his dear seeking ones to the knowledge and possession of this state of grace.

I would give you an example of this in a case which came under my own observation a short time since. There is in my congregation a young mother who was earnestly seeking this treasure, entire sanctification, through the blood of Jesus, but could not find it.

God, however, purposed that she should experience that blessing—but he must teach her in his own way, that he might have all the glory. He was pleased to bring her into its enjoyment by laying her on a bed of sickness.

Knowing the state of her mind, I asked permission of her husband, with whom I was intimate, to call and speak with her. To this he objected, saying that she was too weak to see any one just now, but in a few days he hoped

she would be better, and then I might talk freely with her. Only a few days after this her nurse told me that I had better prepare myself to preach Mrs. — funeral sermon, as there was indeed very little hope of her recovery, and that in all probability she must soon die. It was now strongly impressed upon my mind that I should call and speak with her. Seldom has such a strong conviction rested upon me, that God is the hearer of prayer, and that in answer to believing prayer, God would heal the sick.

Under the pressure of this truth, I called at the house. One of the nurses answered the door, and to my question if I could see Mrs. L., said very frankly, "Certainly, sir, very glad to see you; come in." I went in, and found the patient so weak that she could only speak in the faintest whisper, and in the same manner must be addressed.

I asked her "how she felt? If she thought that she was dying?" She answered, "Yes, I cannot live long."

With her permission I read the 130th Psalm, and asked if she heard and comprehended it?"

She replied, "Perfectly."

I then asked her if she was ready to go when God should call her from the earth?

She answered, "Oh! I am not prepared to die." I then applied the Psalm to her case, thinking she might be alarmed about the fear of unpardoned sin: and dwelt especially on the last verse, "He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities." I pointed her to the blood of sprinkling which cleanseth from from all sin.

She said, "I know all that, I have no doubt but my sins are all washed away in the blood of the Lamb—all is right there, I can trust in the mercy of

God." I asked, "Well then, what hinders you?" "Oh!" said she, "I cannot part with my two dear children—they can never get any one who will be such a mother to them as I could be." I replied, "You must give up the children to God. He has been a kind father to you—he will be the same to your children—leave your motherless children with God. He will provide for them—and you, yourself must lie as a little child in the arms of your almighty and gracious Heavenly Father. He will do all things well. You must rest"—she had not slept for several days—"and you must rest in his love. Cast your burden on the Lord—he will bear it, and do what is best. You need sleep, and so "He giveth his beloved sleep," when they can trust their all to him. You are too weak to carry any burden on your mind. Have not a thought or care—leave all with the Lord."

I then left her. She soon fell into a profound sleep. One of the nurses afterward told me, that as she watched over her, she saw a sweet heavenly smile pass over her countenance, as if she had some pleasant dream.

She opened her lips and began to sing a most beautiful hymn in a loud and sweet tone.

Some days after I repeated my visit, and found her much better. She could talk with ease, and was filled with the goodness of God.

I have seldom seen one so wrapt in the love of God, and so entirely cut loose from the world. She told me that when very sick and nigh unto death, some one came to her bed-side, and asked her if she was ready to die, and that when she said she could not give up her children—this person said "You must give up your children"; then she was

enabled at once cheerfully to do so, and it seemed at that moment of compliance as if the very bliss of heaven had taken possession of her soul, and as if the Almighty had breathed upon her brow, and made her feel that she should not die—and that when the visitor asked her, before leaving, if she thought she would recover; that she answered confidently, "Yes, I shall recover."

I replied, "I was that stranger who called"; and I saw that God had answered every petition in that prayer which the Spirit called me to offer up with her; and also the necessity of using the means of grace while life lasted.

She said she was inexpressibly filled with the love of God, and could never return to the world again—Christ must be her all.

"Oh how I long", she said "for the time, if it is God's will to restore me to health, to give myself wholly to him on the altar of his service." It pleased the Lord to spare her life, and restore her health, and at the first communion season she came forward and dedicated herself to God on his altar, "a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God" through Jesus Christ; her reasonable service.

She is now walking with the disciples of Jesus, "a humble follower of the Lamb."

A Chaplain was present and said he never prized the meeting, and the special doctrine here insisted upon more than now—he had spent the last seventeen months in the army—and such a sense as he had of human depravity and corruption, he could not clothe in language.

If he had ever doubted man's fallen state, his late experience in witnessing its fruits, would have set him doctrin-

ally right. In meeting with a Doctor of Divinity at Washington, who asked him why there was such a destitution of Godliness among the soldiers, he replied that he thought "we ministers had not preached Christ faithfully—a deliverer from sin."

God had kept and blessed him in his duties. A Surgeon in a Hospital told him he had not believed in human depravity, but now he is convinced of its truth. One spoke beautifully, and clearly of his conversion, and his love of God—but felt the risings of anger in his heart—and although restrained from outwardly manifesting it—yet he knew he could not be right in the sight of God with that evil rankling secretly.

When the knowledge of the doctrine of holiness came to his rescue, he found by sweet experience, that Christ was able, and willing to save him from all his inward evils. He sought, and found this entire union with Christ, but being deceived by the enemy, telling him he must not speak of it, until he found he could live it out, he lost the secret witness of purity, which had been as clear, and distinct to his soul as that of pardon. Again he renewed his act of faith in the all-cleansing atonement, and the same evidence of perfect love was restored, and now he was determined to witness to its power—did so, and for several years has enjoyed perfect peace which has not been a week interrupted in all that time.

Crosses should neither be *sought* nor *avoided*. When they come, they are graces; when sought for offences.

Blessed are they who seek the day of glory, but more blessed are they who contribute to its approach.—*Secker*.

The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1863.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE.

We most devoutly wish you, dear readers, a "happy new year." It is a sublime and solemn moment when we stand at the commencement of a well-defined period of time like the present. The past, and the indistinct revealings of the future are before us. Over the gateway of one of the Colleges at Oxford, Eng., and under the clock, every student entering can read the impressive motto, "*pereunt sed imputantur.*" "They perish (the hours) but are imputed." The past is gone from us forever, but it has recorded itself on high, and we shall meet it again. Blessed are we, that "we have an Advocate with the Father," who is "able to save unto the uttermost," and whose atoning blood gives remission for the sins that are past! We lay the year with all its weaknesses and transgressions under the arms of his cross.

But the new year opens solemnly before us. We have never entered upon such a year. God, in whose hands rest the destinies of nations, alone sees the amazing results of the national movements now in progress. Through Christ strengthening us we can both do and endure all things. Without the guidance and support of His hand, we may not safely venture down into the serious events before us. We may well offer the prayer of Moses and say, "if thy Presence go not with me, carry me not up hence."

Precious now is the doctrine of entire consecration. It places us in the exact attitude to best receive the divine guidance, and it best prepares us for the divine providences whether prosperous or adverse. His child is safe in the Father's hand! Afflictions may be appointed unto us; but none of these things will move us. It will be all right; he doeth all things well. "For this our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh out for us, a far, more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory." Let the year, with its sol-

emn import, then, move on! "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"!

A NIGHT WITH THE "ANGEL OF THE COVENANT."

"And Jacob was left alone." GEN. xxxii. 24.

The brother of Jacob, whom he had left, wronged and enraged, a score of years before, was reported to be near him with an armed force. Jacob had reason to fear that time had not softened his anger; and he, unarmed, and his helpless family and herds, were entirely in Esau's power.

He had used every human precaution to mollify his brother's resentment and to win his affections; but was still fearful of the result. There was only one other resource. The shadows of evening had fallen upon him as the final arrangements for the morrow were made, and the different companies, in advance of each other, were resting for the night. The last band with the beloved Rachel and his children had passed the Jabbok. Quiet now reigned throughout the encampment; the bleating of the herds had ceased, and the voices of his children were hushed. Silently, he recrossed the ford of the brook, and at a distance from all human communion, with his heart oppressed with contending anxieties, in the still and solemn night, on the plains of Moab, "Jacob was left alone"! It was the most trying, and it proved to be, the most glorious hour of his life. There was no man near him—no human arm upon which he could lean. He could not himself sustain the burden that was crushing him. Then and there God met him; and through the deep shades of the night, contended with him, receiving the importunate violence of a despairing human soul, turning with all its strength to its only Saviour. The struggle was prolonged from no reluctance to yield the coveted blessing, but that Jacob, in the throes of his desire, might learn its value; that he might have a clear revelation of himself and his weakness; that his whole soul might be drawn out and brought in contact with the purifying Presence with whom he struggled. Jacob prevailed. The Angel of the Covenant lifted upon him the "light of his countenance." He called the place *Peniel*—the face of God; and as he passed over it, *the sun rose upon him.* That was what Jacob needed, and for which

he prayed. Not a word had been said about Esau in the mysterious strugglings of that night; nothing about his trembling family, reposing on the other side of the stream. He wrestled alone and simply to secure the divine vision and blessing, and having obtained that, he was prepared for anything. He emerged from that marvellous night a new man; no longer the trembling, inconstant Jacob, but the calm, God-fearing, relying and triumphant Israel.

Such an hour, varying in its circumstances, but as powerful in its influence, if as devoutly improved, is to be desired, and is not uncommon in the history of professed christians. Something will providentially occur, for the time, to utterly isolate them from others. They find themselves alone, all human supports withdrawn, and involuntarily led out into an urgent, unconquerable panting after a clearer and more powerful revelation of God. It may be distressing convictions of inward disloyalty that occasion this, or it may be overwhelming afflictions—

"A cross that raiseth me
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee."

But at such a moment, in all my helplessness and loneliness, a solemn Presence approaches me; I feel after Him, if haply I may find Him; I am shut out from every other source of comfort, that I may be shut up to Him. Then He reveals Himself to me, "as He does not unto the world"; gives me the victory in my personal struggle over my inward foes; pours a heavenly peace over my affections, and sends me forth from this hour of loneliness and silence and agony, serene, believing, triumphant. In all such providences, God calls me to fellowship with Himself. He does not divest me of any earthly comfort, simply for the sake of removing it from me, but to create a want that nothing but Himself can fill. He knows that He can make me happier than any creature that He has formed. He draws them over the river, that I may find all that I have lost and more in Him.

Sad is the evening hour when I enter upon such a discipline. Heavy are the clouds of temporal and spiritual sorrow that draw down around me. "All these things are against me," I say. I stand alone! But blessed is the day-break at the close of such a night.

A light above the brightness of the sun" falls

upon our path. As we pass over it, the "sun of righteousness rises above us with healing under his wings."

If I am only right with myself and my God, I am prepared for every providence. It was not simply a present refreshing from the Lord that Jacob received, but permanent power. His fear arose from a dissatisfaction with himself, and a doubt of the divine approbation. He left everything behind, that he might come to a clear disclosure of his own motives and character, and press that mighty question of his acceptance with his God. In the busy hours of that night, these two great arguments were completed. He had submitted himself to the divine government, and God had signified to him His gracious approval and acceptance. God was for him; his heart no longer condemned him; what could now disturb him?

By what better process could his mind be brought into the best condition to consider all the perplexities that surrounded him? Calm, humble, subdued, with the benign breath of the Almighty upon him, how well prepared was he to meet his offended brother? It is impossible to overestimate the value of this inward and perfect repose upon the Divine Arm, as an element of power, and a defence in every time of trouble. In the sharp activities, and constant perils in business at the present day, this solid rock alone, affords a certain standing place. If one is right in the silent hours of close self-examination. If when his business is left on the other side of the brook, he meets alone, and as a friend, his God, he is endued constantly with a wisdom that cometh from above, and secures a refreshment more solacing than physical rest, and an encouragement more powerful than success. He is raised above the threatening aspect of outward affairs. No trooping misfortunes, with an unfraternal Esau at their head can injure him. The great peace of his heart and life ever remains untouched; and the final, happy end of his course is no question of doubtful solution.

When he passes over the last earthly stream, then forever, will the *sun arise upon him*.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.—We heartily accord with a sentiment appended to a business letter, that there is now a special call for prayer in behalf of our dear, distracted coun-

try. "Prayer only can save us" he adds. The "effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." How few apprehend how much is involved in the occurrences of these times. The history of all coming generations is to be modified by them. How much is in peril! How many souls fearfully exposed! What a bloody baptism now is our land receiving! Let us not forget that "the Lord reigneth," and that He heareth prayer. Let us humble ourselves as over personal transgressions, and pray "mightily unto God," for a divine deliverance. So far from permitting the distresses of the hour to divert us from our devotions, we should multiply them. We may struggle upon our knees, while our fathers and brethren and children stand upon the crimson field, and fight as effectually.

Let us pray that the Prince of Peace may once more spread his arms over our land; and to this awful surge of rebellion, say "Peace be still!" that there may once more be "a great calm." "Pray then without ceasing," and forget not even in this dark hour, "in everything to give thanks."

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

WEDNESDAY MEETING IN BOSTON.—It may be a pleasure to our readers who have occasion to visit Boston, to know that on every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, there is a meeting for those interested in the subject of holiness of heart and life, in the Old South Chapel, on Spring Lane. A considerable company from Boston and vicinity will be found here engaged in prayer and conversation upon this vital doctrine.

We have just attended one of these meetings and have brought away these, among other impressions:

I. The wonderful harmony of the experiences in the "higher life." There were persons of four or five different denominations of christians present; there were quite young believers, and aged saints trembling with the weight of years, on the brink of the river; there were two Danish sailors in the company; there were ministers and laymen, and yet, they were all "one in Christ Jesus." It was wonderful to see how, with their differing

experiences and circumstances, they stood in the same heavenly trust, and in the enjoyment of the same triumphing grace.

II. It was noticeable, that, unlike ordinary prayer meetings, all that took a part, spoke of a richer peace than they had been conscious of heretofore. They were "going on." They did not refer to former blessedness and past hours of religious refreshment, but to present rest, and to enhanced knowledge and love. No one seemed however, to feel that the Divine grace was exhausted in his experience; but that very "much land yet remained to be possessed."

III. One could but be delightfully impressed with the prominence given to the Bible. The Divine promises were evidently the food of the soul. "Sanctify them, through thy word," our Redeemer prays for his disciples, "Thy word is truth." The great desire of one that rejoiced in a rich and full salvation was to "see light in His light"—to enjoy the aid of the Holy Spirit in comprehending the word which He had Himself inspired. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This is the secret of a deep, sincere, and permanent consecration. "I commend you," says the Apostle "to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

We might say much more of the meeting, and may have occasion to allude to others in future numbers of the Guide.

A CORNER WITH THE PUBLISHERS.

Gould & Lincoln have just issued from their press, "Lectures on Moral Science, by Mark Hopkins, D. D." These Lectures, which are eminently impressive, presenting a full, clear, and satisfactory discussion of the great themes involved, were first read before his classes in Williams College, by President Hopkins, and afterwards, enlarged and amended, were delivered before large audiences, attending upon the Lowell Institute in Boston. They will be read with great pleasure and profit.

Ticknor & Fields publish in a very chaste and attractive form, a little volume called "The Patience of Hope." Not the least in-

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teresting feature of the book is a very entertaining Introduction by the Poet Whittier. It is a volume for the closet, and for the hours of prayerful meditation. Thoughtful christians will find their minds delightfully drawn in sacred channels, by its spiritual and awakening suggestions. It is written with marked freshness and beauty of style; and although some of its expositions of Scripture may not accord with our own opinions, the earnest religious lessons it conveys, will be eagerly appreciated by the heart. A new work, by the same author, entitled "A Present Heaven" is in press.

From the same Publishers we have received "Country Living and Country Thinking." The authoress writes herself down as "Gail Hamilton," and desires no one to lift the veil that covers her face. The several chapters of the work first appeared as articles in the Congregationalist and Atlantic, and attracted much attention by the liveliness of the style, and the earnestness of the thoughts uttered. There is not a dull page in the book; some are simply amusing, but a powerful and impressive moral runs through all these playful sentences, and the influence of the book can but be wholesome. Coming from a lady, one is constantly struck with the masculine power of thought and judgment exhibited, without once transcending the delicacy and proprieties of the sex.

Ticknor & Fields have also published a volume from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, entitled "Eyes and Ears." The work is made up of short articles contributed to the weekly press. They are all "pen portraits" of the author; characteristic in subject, style of illustration and eccentricity. Full of thought, full of pictures and poetry, and full of entertainment, one is never wearied of them. The great wonder is that the fountain, from such incessant pumping, does not run dry. It certainly gives no evidence of this as yet.

THE BEST OF BOOKS.—We have on our table for constant reference the valuable octavo edition of the Bible, published by the Methodist Book Concern. The pronunciation of all the proper names according to the latest authority, is given; the references, amounting to a concordance, have been prepared with great care; and valuable maps, and introduc-

ory chapters added. It is an invaluable companion for the Sabbath School teacher, and almost an indispensable requisite of the minister's table. The plates, which were prepared, we believe, at first, for the American Bible Society, have been corrected with the utmost care, and may be considered well nigh perfect. For sale by Magee, 5 Cornhill.

Several of our Methodist Weeklies have, of late, published very interesting articles upon Holiness: among others, the Pittsburg and Northern Advocates. We shall republish some of these in future numbers of the Guide. Brother Nesbit, of the former paper, has given our brother Gorham a kind and generous introduction to the patrons of his press; for which we would express our acknowledgments.

* Our brother Gorham is now visiting Western Virginia and Ohio. He bears a welcome with him, and we doubt not will be appreciated and enjoyed by all the lovers of holiness. He is travelling in the interest of the Guide, and will be happy to receive new subscribers or payments from the old, now due.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE BLIND BOY'S SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNS. A little Sunday scholar lost his eyesight from the scarlet fever, and for many months had not seen at all. A gentleman friend of his father's tried to comfort him; and, while he was talking to him, the little boy's sister gave expression to a most earnest wish that Jesus were on earth, so that he might make her little brother see. The gentleman kindly expressed the hope that she did not try to make her brother discontented; when she beautifully replied: "O no! Frank isn't discontented! He loves God, and love sets everything right, and makes its own sunshine. Does it not, Frank?" "I don't feel cross now," said the little blind boy meekly. "When I'm alone I pray, and sing my Sunday-school hymns, and sing, and sing; and God's in the room, and it feels light, and—and—I forget I'm blind at all!" and a sweet heavenly light stole over his pale features as he said this. The gentleman had come to comfort the poor blind boy, but he found that God had been there before him.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

A. HULL.

5

Moderato.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee :

2. Though like a wan - der - er, day-light all gone ;

E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me : Still all my song shall be,

Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone : Yet in my dreams I'd be,

Coda.

Nearer, my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

Nearer, my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

1. Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee :
E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to thee.
2.
Though like a wanderer,
Day-light all gone ;
Darkness be over me, My rest a stone :
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God to thee.
3.
There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;

All that thou sendest me, In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God to thee.

4.
Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise ;
Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God to thee.

5.
Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky ;
Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to thee.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS SUCCESS.

BY REV. WM. McDONALD.

The success which attended the preaching of the gospel by the Apostles and their immediate successors has no parallel in the history of Christianity. From the time an upper room at Jerusalem contained the congregated strength of the Church, to the time the ensign of that Church floated in triumph over the capitol of Rome, and the diadem of the Cæsars was placed upon the brow of the infant Zion, an almost unbroken series of triumphs are witnessed. From the time that chamber was shaken by a rushing mighty wind, and tongues of fire sat upon each of the devout worshippers, and they "were all filled with the Holy Ghost," the unseen hand of the Master wrought mightily with them. Their first day's labor added three thousand to the little band. Five thousand are soon converted. Jerusalem is filled with their doctrine, and Priest and Ruler are fearing the blood of the Nazarene. Samaria believes the word, and Antioch becomes obedient to the faith. But the work does not stop here: Churches are soon established throughout Palestine, and all Asia Minor hears of the Crucified. Greece, Macedonia, and the islands of the Ægean sea are shaken by the power of the word; while along the sea coast of Africa, and before the walls of the Eternal City, the word of life is earnestly and successfully proclaimed. The fire kindled in that upper room, lighted up the whole range of heathendom, from Cape Comorin to Britain, and from Scythia to the Pillars of Her-

cules. A historian of the 2nd Century says, that in his time, "Asia, Africa and Europe, abounded with Christians." These despised followers of Jesus—unlettered fishermen of Gallilee, without wealth, without learning, and without kingly favor—had, in a brief time, planted churches, where Homer and Virgil had sung, where Lycurgus and Solon had given laws, where Demosthenes and Cicero had swayed the populace by their unsurpassed eloquence, where Plato and Aristotle had reasoned, and where Socrates and Cato had taught the people morals.

The temples of the gods—venerable and sacred by the lapse of ages—were smitten as by an invisible, but Almighty hand. Racks, dungeons, fagots, and death in every form, could not stay the progress of the new faith. The gates of hell could not prevail against it.

The numerical strength of the Primitive Church, we have no doubt, has been greatly under-estimated. It is often said, that modern efforts for the spread of the gospel, in point of success, far outstrip the primitive. But we have never been convinced of the correctness of the statement by the facts and figures presented. Let us inquire of the men who then lived, and of the monuments then erected, and see what light they throw upon the subject.

Justin Martyr, in speaking of the success of Christianity, a little more than one hundred years after the Crucifixion, says, "There is no race of men whatever, whether barbarians or Greeks, or by whatsoever other name they may be called, whether living in wagons, or houseless wanderers, among whom there are not offered prayers and thanksgiving to the Father and Maker

of all, through the name of the crucified Jesus."

Clemens of Alexandria, speaking of the success of the Gospel about the same time says, "It is spread through the whole world, in every town, and village and city, converting both whole houses and separate individuals."

Tertullian, one of the most learned and eloquent defenders of the doctrines of the primitive church, born about the middle of the second century, in an *Apology* for the Christians, addressed to the Authorities of Rome, says: "We are of yesterday; and yet we fill all your places, your cities, islands, castles, towns, courts, your very camps, your tribes, your decuriæ, your palace, your senate, your markets. We have left you only your temples. What wars we might wage, and with what energy, even against superior forces, we who are so willing to be slain, if it was not a part of our discipline, that it is better to be killed than to kill! We might also, unarmed and without making any rebellion, but only disagreeing with you, contend against you with the hostility of separation only. For if so great a multitude of men as we are should suddenly separate from you, and retire to some distant quarter of the earth, truly the loss of so many and such citizens would undermine your dominion: yes, it would even inflict upon you an absolute desolation. Without doubt you would be dismayed at your solitude, at the general stillness, and the dulness as if of a dead world. You would look about for some to command; you would have more enemies left than citizens: but now you have but few enemies, in comparison with the multitudes of Christians."

This is the statement of a man, of

whose writings it has been said, "Every word was a sentence, and every sentence a triumph over error." We may learn from these statements the extent to which the gospel was received about two hundred years after Christ. A parallel cannot be found.

There are other evidences of the numerical strength of the primitive church, which we denominate *monumental*, worthy of consideration. The puerile efforts, and half truthful statements of many, have produced a conviction in the public mind, that the primitive age, was a "dim shadowy cloud-land, in which nothing is to be seen, but a few figures of bishops and martyrs, moving uncertainly amid the general darkness." But this is a false representation of the times. The monumental records of those times, show how vast was their number, and how sacrificing was their spirit.

The Catacombs of Rome, which contain the honored dust of a vast army of martyrs, who suffered for the cause of Christ, throw some light upon this subject.

"It is well," says Mr. Rawlinson "that attention should be called, as it has been called recently by several publications of greater or less research,—to the *monumental-remains* of early Christian times, which are still extant, and which take us back in the most lively way to the first ages of the church, exhibiting before our eyes those primitive communities, which apostles founded, over which apostolic men presided, and in which confessors and martyrs were almost as numerous as ordinary Christians. As when we tread the streets of Pompeii, we have the life of the old Pagan world brought before us with a vividness which makes all other representations appear dull and

tame, so when we descend into the Catacombs of Rome we seem to see the struggling, persecuted community, which there 'in dens and caves of the earth,' wrought itself a hidden home, whence it went forth at last 'conquering and to conquer,' triumphantly establishing itself on the ruins of the old religion, and bending its heathen persecutors to the yoke of Christ."

"Time was," continues our author, "when the guiding spirits of our Church, not only neglected the study of these precious remains of an antiquity which ought to be dearer to us than that of Greece or Pagan Rome, of Egypt, Assyria, or Babylon, but even ventured to speak of them with contempt, as the recent creations of Pagan forgers, who had placed among the *arenariæ* or sandpits of heathen times, the pretended miracles of saints who were never born, and martyrs who never suffered. But with increased learning, and improved candor, modern Anglicanism has renounced this shallow and untenable theory; and it is at length admitted universally, alike by the Protestant and Romanist, that the Catacombs themselves, their present contents, and the series of inscriptions which have been taken from them and placed in the Papal galleries, are genuine remains of primitive Christian antiquity. * * * It is impossible to doubt that the Catacombs belong to the earliest times of Christianity. It was only during the ages of persecution that the Christians were content to hide away the memorials of their dead in gloomy galleries deep below the earth's surface, where few eyes could ever rest upon them." The bulk of the tombs in these Catacombs "must be regarded as belonging to the first three centuries."

Our object is not so much to describe these homes of the dead, as to ascertain, if possible, the numbers who slept their last sleep in these chambers of darkness.

It is stated, on good authority, that these Catacombs extended over not less than nine hundred miles of streets, and contained not less than seven million graves.

It is not to be supposed that all who suffered martyrdom at Rome found a grave here. The ashes of many mingled with the dust of Nero's garden, and were never honored with burial at the hands of friends. No record of them remains, save that in the book of life. Tacitus says, "When the day was not sufficient for their tortures, the flames in which they perished served to illuminate the night."

It should also be borne in mind that the Roman Empire embraced a vast territory. It was at least 2000 miles in breadth, by 3000 in length. Thousands became Christians and died, who never saw Rome, and who never found a grave in her Catacombs.

When we remember that during a period of about two hundred and fifty years, "so mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed," that not less than seven million Christians slept in one grave yard, we are profoundly impressed with the mighty influence of the gospel of Jesus. These were not merely nominal Christians, embracing the doctrines, but destitute of the life of Christ, but they were Christians from *conviction* and *choice*. When to be a Christian is to be a martyr; when to embrace the cross is to embrace the stake,—few are found to do it as a mere matter of form. It was so with the primitive Church.

God seems to have chosen the capitol of

that vast empire, which overshadowed the earth, as the scene in which the conflict between Paganism and Christianity should be fought out. Ten of the most violent persecutions the world ever witnessed, swept in vain over the heads of the defenceless followers of Christ. And if the testimony of the enemies of Jesus can be credited, untold numbers perished in the tortures which polluted the circus of Nero; in the bloody games of the Flavian Amphitheatre, besides those who were doomed to perpetual slavery. Neither age, sex nor party were spared. The blood of the noblest and wealthiest of the Roman citizens was poured out. This contest between the powers of the old world, and the day-spring of the new, was so unequal in its beginning, and yet so amazing in its results, that it forms the most marvelous epoch in the history of our race. Its uninterrupted advance, won over the numerical majority of the educated classes, overpowered the fiercer hostility of the heathen populace, and eventually took possession of the throne itself. "Within forty years of the fiercest persecution of Diocletian," says one writer, "a Christian Emperor reigned over the the Empire; and hard by the baptistry of the Lateran, which bore the name of Constantine, the Catacombs of Rome concealed the honored remains of the vast army of martyrs,—the soldiers of the cross who had fallen in the struggle."

To be continued.

Labor to purify thy thoughts; if thy thoughts are not vicious neither will thy actions be.

When we *think* of good, angels are silent; when we *do* it they rejoice.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

CONCLUDED.

Having thus far considered what is *not* included in the term "perfection," when applied to Christian holiness we will turn our attention to the affirmative view, and endeavor to ascertain what *is* included in it. In other words, what is the state of that Christian who "is made perfect in love," [1 John iv. 17,] who is "pure in heart," [Matt. v. 8,] who is "cleansed from all unrighteousness," [1 John i. 9,] who is "perfect in Christ Jesus," [Col. i. 28,] who is "without spot," [Eph. v. 27—1 Tim. vi. 14—2 Pet. iii. 14,] who is "sanctified wholly," [1 Thess. v. 23,] who is "cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," [2 Cor. vii. 1,] and who has thus "perfected holiness in the fear of God." [Ibid.]

To ask the question in this way is in some good degree to answer it: and perhaps the most I shall need to do further, will be to hold the one idea which the scripture clauses involved in the question, unite in presenting, steadily before your minds. Is not this that one idea? *He is a perfect man in Christ Jesus in whose heart grace has wrought the extirpation of all that is opposed to grace.* Just that is evidently meant, because it is clearly expressed in the words "pure in heart,"—"cleansed from all unrighteousness"—"without spot," &c.

This state, which the Christian reaches when the strong man that was bound at regeneration, is fully cast out, is

called by divine authority perfection in holiness, [2 Cor. vii. 1.] and though we cannot always see the reasons for God's choices, yet here we can see several good reasons for the employment of a word for which God has shown so great a preference.

I. It is a standing rebuke to that gradualism which would assume that there is no distinct point at which a Christian should aim after entering upon the way to heaven.

II. It presents the Bible as recognizing a point which has constituted a distinctive feature in the recorded experience of the best Christians of every age, and nation, and name.

III. The term means *complete*, and implies that the work of salvation proper, *which is of the nature of deliverance*, is complete when the soul is cleansed from sin by the power of the Holy Ghost. But my brethren, do not suffer either mistaken men, or evil spirits to deceive you. When the Holy Spirit has driven out all the King's enemies from your heart, he has not yet done his best. He has but just cleared your heart of obstacles to his own most gracious workings. Now you are prepared to grow as you never did before; and retaining your purity through the continued exercise of faith in Christ, you shall find the Holy Spirit leading you into all truth, and continually endowing your happy spirit with new measures of light, and power, and love evermore. Nearly all the blessings named in the remarkable prayer at the close of Eph. 3d lie obviously beyond christian perfection.

IV. Again, that is perfect which has what *belongs* to it and has *nothing else*: thus a perfect lamb; one suitable for sacrifice, is one, according to the

old requisition, which is not lacking in any of its parts or members, and has no excrescence; nothing in excess. It might be fatter or leaner, younger or older, larger or smaller, but still the test of perfection was, that it have what belonged to it, and nothing else. So with Christian character. Among those who are perfect in love, there is a vast difference in the measure of grace which one enjoys above another: but still the test of perfection is the same in all cases; namely are they standing complete in all the will of God? Is grace in their hearts and *nothing else*; nothing opposed to grace? Is the interior man delivered from all antagonisms? Is there pure love, and nothing contrary to pure love in the heart? Does each grace of the Spirit exist with greater or less strength in the soul, but however, without alloy of sin? These are the tests of perfection in believers according to the many passages I have referred you to and the still greater number that might be cited. Therefore let no man deceive you my dear brethren, by concealing from the view of your soul the blessing of a complete deliverance from the *pollution* of sin, as a distinct blessing, to be sought and found by faith, just as you sought and found deliverance from the *guilt* of sin.

Some say that this perfect love is received at the time of conversion, so that every Christian is a perfect Christian; and the plea for that view is, "God does all his work perfectly; and therefore if he makes a Christian of a man at all, he makes a perfect one of him." There is certainly a good deal of plausibility in that mode of reasoning, but it is fallacious, and very hurtfully so. Its statement that God does all his work perfectly is true in itself, but is liable to mislead when made in such a con-

nection. Look around you on God's works. Go to the forest and count if you can the imperfect, dying trees. Come back to the orchard and in many years—perhaps five in every ten, you will only find a perfect apple here and there. Then go to the wheat fields and in some years you will not find, over vast districts of country, one ear in ten that is perfect. Then stop and look at yourself and your fellows and ask how many are there all about who came into the world with hereditary disease and drag imperfect bodies through life. No doubt God does perfectly and entirely what, under the circumstances, he sees best to do: but the statement that God does all his works perfectly, when made to convey the idea that all that God makes is perfect, conveys error rather than truth.

But the reasoning is as fallacious as the proposition is misleading, for it assumes that if a thing is perfect it is something more and greater than itself; to wit that if regeneration, that is, the impartation of spiritual life to the human soul, is perfect, it becomes another thing, the entire sanctification of that soul or the eradication of its unholy desires and carnal affections; that a birth may be so perfect as to amount to a process of refining and purification; that an impartation, an addition may be so perfect as to amount to a subtraction.

Entire sanctification is a distinct work, and occurs, so far as we know, from scripture and the current experiences of Christians, at a period subsequent to conversion. If any one should say, "granting that it is a separate work, why may it not be wrought simultaneously with pardon and regeneration?" I answer I do not know why, but salvation is by faith, all along, and

I suppose unconverted persons have not light enough to see their need of the blessing, nor to believe for it. I have known a few cases where persons who had walked a while in the light of justifying grace, and backslidden from it, have been convicted at once of their need of restoring and purifying grace, and have apparently received both simultaneously. I do not doubt that such also was David's case. Examine particularly the Fifty-first Psalm. That every Christian is a perfect Christian, or in other words, that the heart is entirely cleansed at conversion, is contrary to both the whole teaching of scripture, and the whole experience of the church, including, strange as it may seem, the experience of the men who advocate the theory.

If the theory be true, then

1. Every man who professes religion at all, professes perfect love, and
2. No man has a right to profess religion who does not enjoy perfect love.
3. The Methodist Church, in taking men into the ministry who are "groaning after perfect love," takes unconverted men into the ministry.
4. Whenever a man feels within himself the stirrings of pride or impatience he is to infer that he is not a Christian at all.
5. Whenever a man feels convicted of his want of purity of heart, and begins to hunger and thirst after righteousness, he should at once conclude either that he has never been converted, or that he is now backslidden.
6. When a brother with distress and tears, comes to his pastor, or to his deacon, or his leader, and tells him he is in an agony for complete deliverance from the influence of the carnal mind, then it is the duty of his spiritual ad-

viser, instead of encouraging the inquirer to confidently expect the blessing he seeks, as one of the most precious items of his birth-right, to inform him that the distress of his spirit is proof that he is not a Christian at all, and that therefore his first business is to humble himself before God and seek converting grace! From such cruelty good Lord deliver us. And yet, to such cruelty does the theory logically lead, that all who are really converted are then and there made perfect in love.

Persons sometimes ask, "May a man have the witness of the Spirit that he is entirely sanctified?" It seems to me Paul answers that question when he says, "Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might *know the things that are freely given to us of God.*" [1 Cor. ii. 12.] So it seems therefore that *whatever grace does for us*, the Spirit of God may be expected to *bear witness to*.

Again it is asked, "May not a person grow into the enjoyment of perfect love?" There is no doubt that every step of progress which a Christian makes after conversion, is a step *toward the point* where he may be made perfect in love: but it does not appear to be true that a Christian ever attains purity of heart as the result of mere growth. I have never known one, I have never heard of one: and in the nature of the case, it seems to me that though growth produces development and increase, purity must come of an act of cleansing grace. A person who resolves not to receive the blessing of a clean heart as an instantaneous blessing, but to reach it by growing into it, must certainly fail, for reasons most obvious: for if he

ously, he is resolved *not to secure it now* and if he does not secure it in the present moment, since he cannot secure it in the future nor in the past, he cannot receive it at all. The inculcation of the theory therefore, of growing into holiness, must necessarily work great mischief in the church, since its inevitable tendency is to lead men to a line of action which necessarily results in failure.

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

THREE RULES FOR A HOLY LIFE.

Whosoever desires to persevere and increase in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, to live and die in hope that maketh not ashamed, must be *diligent in secret prayer*; must constantly *read the Holy Scriptures*, begging the Most High to explain them and give faith in them; and must *walk with those who walk conscientiously before God*—who are always aspiring to what they have not attained—in whose manner, spirit, and discourse, there is what reaches the heart, and what tends to humble, quicken, and comfort the soul. In all my reading and acquaintance for forty years with religious people, I never saw an instance of one decaying and coming to nothing, who observed these rules—never saw one who presumed, on any consideration, to give over attention to them, who did not fall away.

H. VENN.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

BY REV. JOHN H. MANSFIELD.

I know of no precept of the Bible that is more heartily admitted theoretically by the church, or more generally practically denied, than the injunction of the apostle, 2 Peter iii. 18, "Grow in grace."

The word grace here undoubtedly means piety, that moral excellence, which manifests itself in every christian virtue.

While meditating upon this subject four thoughts have been suggested which we wish to unfold.

I. The whole christian life must be characterized by progress. Many unfortunately seem to think that the work is mostly done when regenerated, and that they have only to live a little while and enjoy religion, and then be translated to share its rewards, while in fact the young convert has but just enlisted, the battle is all before him and he "must work out his salvation while God worketh in him." The apostle employs the natural process of increase in nature as a proper representative of christian progress, "Grow in grace."

Every plant and tree germinates and continues to increase until it dies.

So it is with every faithful Christian. Grace germinates in his heart when he is regenerated, and he continually adds to it until death.

It may be well to remark here however that all progress is not necessarily the result of growth. The work of entire sanctification rapidly advances the Christian but we believe it to be a divine interposition to accomplish what can not be performed by growth.

Faithful Christians do not always advance the same amount in a given time, but like a falling body, they constantly increase their rate of progress until they attain that high state of grace where they grow very rapidly. In the plant or tree the sap is the vital principle. As the tree is constantly enlarging, this life current must increase to meet its demands or decay immediately commences.

In this Christian grace is the life giving power.

As the soul is constantly experimenting, its wants will be constantly increasing, hence every individual who is not growing in grace must necessarily be declining, and spiritual death will soon ensue.

II. This growth should always be perceptible.

There is a large class in the church who consider growth to be a very accommodating term, implying no apparent advancement. Hence their consciences are undisturbed though they can not discover the least improvement for the last ten years.

Suppose we should measure the height, diameter and circumference of a tree, and year after year find these dimensions the same, should we be willing to believe it was growing and increasing the size of its trunk and the length of its branches?

If the Christian as he looks back over months and years can not perceive that his faith has strengthened, his love increased, and that he more fully bears the likeness of Christ, let him beware, for instead of growing he is dying spiritually, and that which he has termed peace in his soul is only the inactivity and stupor that precede moral death.

No consistent business man would be

willing to do business year after year and indulge in the thought that he was being duly rewarded for his labor, and growing rich, if every time he posted and balanced his books he found there was just the same balance in his favor and no perceptible advance.

No diligent student would be satisfied that he was progressing in knowledge if at the close of each year he could not recall one new idea he had gained or thought he had treasured up.

So no faithful Christian is satisfied that he is growing rich in all the christian graces unless he can see from month to month that he is improving and becoming more Christ like.

The half-hearted selfish professor of religion may say it is hard to decide whether we are improving or not, but he has put the difficulty in the wrong place. It will cost us great effort, heart searchings, constant watchings and agonizing prayer to live where we may "grow in grace," but if we are growing it is not hard to discover it. Since the way to heaven is delightful why should we be so sluggish in our journey home. If we were going to the Holy Land to weep where Jesus wept and bow where fell the shadow of his cross, we should not move in a snail's pace but with rapid tread. But how much more glorious is that heavenly Canaan of which the former is but a type—that land where Jesus wears the crown of glory—than where he wore the crown of thorns.

With what accelerated step should we pass on as we by faith catch the frequent zephyrs, and hear the music of our heavenly home.

III. Growth implies activity. The first indication of growth we see in the buried seed is, it bursts its shell, sends

its root downward, pushes its slender trunk upward through the earth, runs round stones and all obstacles it can not remove, and comes up to enjoy the air and light. It forms a bark to protect its life current from the sun, and sends out its leaves to screen the earth from which it draws its moisture. It throws out its roots in every direction to render it firm in its position, and if it stands where it is swept by the stormy blast, by additional roots it protects itself against all danger. It is not only active to protect but to provide for itself. Its leaves do not droop at night-fall but spread out to catch and drink the dew. They also open their pores like so many lungs to breathe in the air, and from it extract those substances that tend to promote its growth. The large roots, which are provided to support the tree in its position, send out a thousand little fibres to gather sustenance. Where the soil is the richest, these will be provided in the greatest number, and with a kind of instinct they will go some distance after substances especially adapted to the growth of the tree. The root of the grape vine will run a yard, crawl through a wall, a knot hole or crevice in a board to get to a bone to feed upon. Plant a willow near a water-course and its roots will always run to the stream, and with their ten thousand fibres form a dam across it and there slake their thirst from the crystal rill.

The power of the tree is not only sufficient to sustain itself and increase its size, but it gathers more richness from the soil than enough to meet its own demands and deposits it in rich clusters of fruit for the benefit of man.

How beautifully the process of growth in nature illustrates the legiti-

mate course of the Christian. He first, by his voluntary efforts, places himself where by the blessing of God the soul germinates into a spiritual life. He then, by careful study of the word of God, defends himself against error. By earnest prayer, he gains the assistance of the Holy Ghost to keep him from every stormy blast of temptation. By constant obedience to "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" he lives a glorious spiritual life, hid with Christ in God. By an appropriating faith he makes use of the promises in all their richness, grows up into Christ and becomes strong, happy and holy. But as the demands of his nature are not so great as the source of his supplies, if he abides in Christ as the branch abideth in the vine, he will bear much fruit. He will be constantly active and his activities will bless the world with their rich clusters of fruit. As effort provides food for the body so it does for the soul and the means of grace are so many channels through which the Christian receives strength and sustenance.

IV. The Bible does not leave it optional with us whether we shall grow or not, but the language of the apostle which we have quoted is a command and just as binding as any injunction of God's word. Christians sometimes think there are certain privileges they *may* enjoy if they choose to use the means to obtain them, but whatever is our privilege is our duty also. Men can accept or reject the offer of salvation, but they have no right to do the latter. So professors of religion can strive to enter in at the strait gate, or they can neglect to use the means to "grow in grace," but they have no right to neglect one privilege purchased

for them by the Son of God. It is the will of God that we should grow in grace, even our sanctification, and it is the duty of the Christian to govern his life by that will. Hence every true and faithful Christian will be striving to please God by availing himself of every privilege he has purchased for him.

God designs that we shall be useful here, but our usefulness depends upon our growth.

That little tree planted twenty years ago soon blossomed and bore a little fruit, but only a little for it was small, but it has grown so large that this year it bore several barrels, and its fruit year after year has been in proportion to its size. So it is with the Christian, he bears fruit in proportion to his spiritual stature. Hence it is just as much his duty to grow in grace as it is to be useful. We should say no man had a right to shut his eyes to the light, until he became blind, or carry his arms in a sling until they were stiff and useless and then say to his friends I can not see to labor, or I can not use my hands to gain a subsistence and you must support me. But what right have a large number of professors of religion to shut their eyes to the light and neglect proper spiritual exercise, until the soul becomes palsied and blind and then entail themselves upon the church as spiritual paupers, to burden the cause of Christ and hinder the faithful from laboring for others.

If the whole church were striving to grow in grace and would not be satisfied without perceptible progress what a revolution would soon be wrought in the spiritual world?

Christian friend; are you growing in grace? Are you showing your gratitude to a dying Savior by trying to

please him and be a successful co-worker with him? If you are, happy are you. If you are not, "*Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many I say unto you shall seek to enter in and shall not be able.*"

MY OWN OLD CROSS AGAIN.

It was a time of sadness—and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the turmoil and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might,
In whom "we walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others, which I daily see:
O, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose."

A solemn silence reign'd on all around,
E'en Nature's voices utter'd not a sound;
The evening shadows seem'd of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beam'd full upon my wondering, raptur'd
sight;

Angels on silvery wings seem'd every where,
And angels' music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One more fair than all the rest to see—
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,
And "follow me," he said, "I am the way."

And speaking thus, He led me far above;
And there beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shapes and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,
A little one with jewels set in gold;
"Ah, this!" methought, "I can with com-
fort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear."

And so the little one I quickly took.
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels—fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if any here should soothe my pain;
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers its sculptured form around en-
twined,

And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering I gazed, and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But O! that form, so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers, and colors
fair:

Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no
crown."

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart:
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.

And then, with lighten'd eyes and willing feet
Again I turn'd my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found, of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

And this my chosen one while I confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.

No longer could I unbelieving say,
"Perhaps another is a better way:"
Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose
for me.

HE who makes an idol of his inter-
ests, makes a martyr of his integrity.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

BY PHEBE P. DALEY.

"Take heed to yourselves, that ye be not deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other Gods and worship them." *Deut. xi. 16.*

Dear christian reader—Did ever you have a *friend* whom you tenderly loved—one around whom your heart's best hopes and affections were entwined?—and did you see disease lay his palsying hand upon such an one, slowly paling the once glowing cheek and dimming the lustre of the once sparkling eye? Did ever you watch over such an one, and see how, day by day, life and strength depart together? If so, with what deep concern do you give into the hand of the physician your precious one, with many tears praying him to *save*. This is one of the bitter drops often mingled in life's cup; and when pressed to our lips, no wonder the weak, human heart shrinks from so bitter a portion. "No chastisement for the *present* seems *pleasant*, but *grievous*."

But what is *this* sorrow of the heart, when we see the life of our dear ones slowly departing, compared to that which we experience, when those bound to us by the chords of christian love and fellowship, who lately bid so fair for the heavenly world, upon whom the graces of the christian character rested with unusual beauty and splendor, making them ornaments to the christian church, and lights in the world, begin slowly and almost imperceptibly, to yield to the advances of *spiritual* disease, which shall surely quench the *life of God* from the *soul*.

With what sorrow have I watched over such an one, and seen them slowly

but surely forsaking the "good way," the path which leads to *heaven* with all its blessedness, and become apparently forgetful that they were ever mindful of that "better country." O, how specious are the wiles which Satan throws around such a heart, to entice it within his hidden snares! Through his subtlety, how the "love of the world and the things of the world," will creep like a foul mold over the soul, deadening all its holy impulses and heavenly aspirations. How soon is the voice of the Spirit drowned by the roar and dash of the conquering waves of our carnal nature, as they surge through the chambers of the soul! And when we sorrow for *such* a dying of our loved ones, it is a sorrow such as the world knows not of. Who but those who have experienced it can tell with what feelings we carry them upon our hearts to the great Physician of souls, crying "Save Lord, or they perish." Then have we fellowship with his sorrow, when seeing many of his followers forsaking him, because of the truths he preached, he said to those remaining, "will *ye* also go away?"

Dear reader, will you pause here, and answer that solemn inquiry, from the lips of your Savior? "Will *ye* also go away?" O! there are many ways that lead from heaven, yet *one*, *only one*, and that *straight* and *narrow*, which leads to that blessed abode! Are you sure you are not being led away from Christ? By all your hopes of heaven, let me entreat you to examine yourself, and see if you are quite right. Take your Bible as your chart; it will give you true and faithful way-marks whereby to direct your course. Like the mariner's compass, it never varies. There you will find clearly and truthfully delineated the "Highway of

Holiness—cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in.” The light of truth illumines the whole way—so that he who walks *there* need not stumble; no pitfalls await his unconscious feet; Oh no! he that walks *there*, walks securely. The way, however, is *narrow*, as well as *straight*; and many are hindered from entering upon it because it will not admit of one’s being burdened with the mammon of unrighteousness, the pleasures and vanities so pleasing to the carnal mind. But when by the aid of the Holy Spirit we are enabled to set a right value upon things *temporal* and things *eternal*, how easy is it to set all these aside; “to lay aside every weight.” If our hearts are truly with God, how easy to “count all things as dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.” The yoke of Christ “is *easy*, and his burden is *light*” when we “walk in love;” but when our hearts cleave to the things of this world, how heavy are the burdens we bind upon our own shoulders. Would that every heart that Christ hath made *free* might heed the warning “be not entangled *again* with the yoke of bondage.” Every heart that has had experience knows how necessary it is to watch over the beginnings of sin, the small *omissions* and *commissions*. The little “*foxes* spoil the tender grapes.”

We read there is joy in heaven when one sinner repenteth, and I have often thought, if sorrow *could* enter those blissful regions of the blest, what wails of grief, what requiems of distress, would resound through those abodes of peace as its blest inhabitants witness the sad spectacle of an immortal soul, bartering its birthright—its title-deed to everlasting blessedness—for the “beggarly elements of this world.”

How pained is the christian heart, to reflect upon the many on every hand, “who have a name to live, but are dead;” not unto *sin* and alive unto *righteousness* as commanded, but dead in sloth and worldliness; though still having the form of Godliness, they lack its saving power. Do not we need, fearfully need, a *Moses*, to cry through all our churches, “Take heed to yourselves—that your *heart be not deceived*, and ye turn aside and serve *other Gods* and worship them.”

Milan, Ohio.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” Ps. xxx. 5.

Hush, my soul, it is the Lord;
Dost thou not believe His word,
Hast not heard His gentle voice,
Made His precious love thy choice?

Know’st thou not in hours of pain,
Earthly loss is yet thy gain?
Faint not, grieve not by the way,
Darkness but portends the day.

Day of blessed, heavenly light,
Breaking on thy ravished sight;
Tribulation’s glorious crown,
Fruit of grace, by Jesus sown.

Oh! the glory of His grace;
Haste, my soul, thy cross embrace;
Precious Saviour! still for thee,
Crosses shall be dear to me.

Strengthened by thy mighty power,
Still I’ll joy in sorrow’s hour,
Glad to bear the blessed load,
Since it lifts so near to God.

Resting on His perfect love,
Press my soul, to joys above;
Angel hosts to greet thee wait,
Grasp, triumphant, Heaven’s gate.

Entering, lay thy burdens down,
Part with crosses for a crown;
Oh! the love that Jesus hath,
Thus to win thee, soul, from death.

A LETTER.

BY JOHN BRADFORD, THE MARTYR.

The peace of conscience in Christ, and through faith, in his blood, which surpasseth, and is far better than any worldly riches or joy, and is to be redeemed with the loss of the dearest treasures we have, rather than we should lose it; this peace I wish unto you, good Master Shalcrosse, and unto your yoke-fellow, my good sister in the Lord, now and for ever. Amen.

Although I could not hitherto write unto you, yet as I trust you pray for me so I have not been forgetful of you in my poor prayers to Almighty God, my dear Father through Christ, to whom I give humble praises, that he has given you grace as yet, (for so I hear) to keep yourself undefiled in his service, which far differs from the Romish rags, revived of late, and justly so for our sins and unthankful use of his true religion and holy ceremonies when once again in place and use amongst us. In token whereof (I mean that I have not been forgetful of you) I thought good now, when I may write, to signify the same, as well as to renew our mutual love in God, and care for one another by hearty prayer, as to excite and provoke you both to thankfulness for God's graces hitherto, especially in the point before spoken of and to be diligent and wary that you continue in the same unto the end; for you know that perseverance in godliness and purity is required of us, and that none shall be crowned, but such as fight lawfully. 2 Tim. ii.

Go on therefore, and fight a good fight stoutly and manfully! that is, as you know God is not to be worshipped

and served but according to his written word, and not after unwritten verities, or the device, fantasy, and pleasure of men or women, behave yourself inwardly in God's sight, and outwardly before your brethren. Seem not to approve by your outward man, that which the inward man detests. It is not enough to believe with the heart, except the mouth and fact confess the same: nor is it enough with the mouth to acknowledge a verity, and by our fact and deed destroy the same. Paul speaks sometimes of deniers of God, not only with their lips and tongue, but also with their deed and life. Let not the world or the greater part of men be an example to you to follow, or do as they do, in the service of God. Christ saith, "Follow me," speaking of himself, who is the pattern and sampler we should set before us, and not the world or the more part, which follow the wide and broad way, whose end leads to perdition and everlasting woe: but rather let the example of such as walk in the narrow and strait way, which bringeth to endless life, encourage you to walk with them, although the number of them is but few, and the persons of them are utterly contemned with the world and in the world. The world cannot love, nor know the children of God, because it cannot receive the Spirit of God; and therefore as the ape thinks of her young ones, so the world thinks her own birds the fairest, contemning with deadly hate all others that will not follow her judgment. But what saith Christ? "Be of good cheer; although the world will persecute you, yet I have overcome the world." O comfortable sentence! "I have overcome the world." This undoubtedly he means for you and me, and all others his children—that he

hath overcome the world for us; but by what means; Surely by suffering contempt, wrong, false reports, and even very shameful and most bitter death. If he went this way, and won the victory this way, as I trust we know he did, let us as his servants whose state ought not to be above our Master's, not be dismayed by contempt or wrong, or loss of goods, or of life itself; but rather joyfully suffer the same as men, knowing that we have better portions in heaven, and that this is the sure way to most victorious victory. For by many tribulations must we enter into the kingdom of heaven, if we will come thither, except for tribulation's sake we desire with ease and worldly quietness to go to hell. You know that Paul saith, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution; wherefore since you are in Christ Jesus I dare say you will continue, though persecution come to you; being assured that it cannot come except God have so decreed: and if he have so decreed, then you cannot but receive it, or else a cross which will be much worse. Therefore take willingly whatever cross the Lord shall offer, and then the Lord will make you able to bear it, and never try you further than he will make you strong enough to bear. Yea, he will number and keep all the hairs of your head, so that one of them shall not perish. But if you refuse God's cross, especially to suffer the loss of anything for his sake, who gives you all the good that ever you have, and keeps it—if, I say, you refuse, be certain the plagues of God will be poured down, first on your soul and conscience, by hardening your heart, and blinding your mind, either by bringing you into despair, or into a contempt and carnal security; from

whence will ensue loss of the dearest things you have, if God love you, or else he will preserve the same to your eternal destruction. I write not this as distrusting your constancy in God's cause, God forbid, for methinks I am assured of your godly zeal; but I do it as I said, that you may be the more heedful, wary, diligent, and earnestly given to call upon the name of God for his help and grace of perseverance, who is more ready to give than we to ask.

I know this kind of writing is madness to the world, foolishness to reason, and sour to the flesh; but to you which are a man of God, and by profession in baptism have forsaken the world, and consider things according to the reach of faith, and have tasted of the good Spirit of God, and of the life to come; by such a one, I say, as I trust you are, this kind of writing is otherwise esteemed. For here you are but a pilgrim, your home is in heaven, your treasures are hoarded where thieves cannot come to steal them; there is your heart, and therefore you can and will say as the philosopher said, when he was robbed of all he had, "I carry all with me." If he being a heathen considered his riches to be the world's, rather than his, how much more should we so do?

Therefore, my dear brother, prepare yourself accordingly, as you have done and do, I hope. Read the second of Ecclesiasticus, see how he counsels them that will serve God, to prepare themselves for temptation. Often set before your eyes the judgment of Christ, his coming in the clouds; and the resurrection, which is now our comfort, especially in afflictions. I write to you none other than I am persuaded, (I thank God,) and I purpose to go before you. I know there is an eternal life; I hope

to be partaker of it through Christ; I know this is the way thither, I mean by suffering. I know that if we suffer with him, we shall reign with him; I know that by the cross, he maketh us like to Christ here, that we might be like him elsewhere; therefore I write to you not words only. And hereupon I am the more earnest, to admonish and to pray you to cleave still to the Lord, and his true religion which you have received, and I for my part am sure that I have preached unto you. For the confirmation whereof, as I am in bonds, so I trust in the goodness of God and his power, to give my life in and for the same, that you and others may be certain, and follow as God shall call you and vouch you worthy. Remember, die you must; but when, you know not, and where and how, it is uncertain to you. Again, you must leave behind you all that you have, for nothing shall go with you but a good or an evil conscience. Moreover, it is hid from you to whom you shall leave your goods, for you may purpose, but God will dispose; therefore if God will have you to die, or to lose your goods for his cause, how much are you bound to bless God? You may be sure that then you cannot perish, for of all ways to heaven, it is the most sure way. God will preserve your goods, so that your children shall find them, although the wicked spoil every piece of them; for the righteous man's seed I have not seen, saith David, beg their bread, but God will bless them unto a thousand generations; which I pray God to remember towards your children for his name's sake. Amen.

SMALL duties sometimes require great grace, or rather, a present readiness of will.

G.

GOING HOME.

BY E. M. STEVENS.

How often, O! how often, do we speak these words "Going Home."

How often when the soul has been ready to leave its clay tenement has the face lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and the finger has pointed upward while the words "going home" faintly trembled upon the lips, and then the weary one has gone up to rest with Jesus.

Going Home! the wanderer fatigued with his journey turns away from the rest proffered him by the wayside and hurries on towards his home. Loved ones await him there; he is sure he shall receive a hearty welcome from those gathered within the sacred walls of home. He may have endured hardships and passed through severe trials, but they are all over now, he will care for them no more when he has safely reached his home.

And thus it is with the Christian when tossed upon life's tempestuous billow and the angry tide rages fiercely around him; when fears perplex, and foes from within and without assail, how refreshing is the thought that when a few more crosses have been borne, a few more trials passed through, he shall leave this world of care and go to his home in heaven.

Are we all living so that when our end shall come we can say I am "going home?" We may have earthly homes furnished with everything for our comfort and happiness, but this will avail us nothing if in our last hour we cannot say Jesus has prepared a home for me and I am going to receive it. Blessed is the man who has an earthly home, but more blessed is he who has a home in heaven.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY E. J. R.

Behold us Father we are crushed and smitten,
 Low in the dust our nation's glory lies,
 Shrouded in sin and death, our doom is written
 In words of flame upon the reddening skies.
Doomed for our sins—Oh God is there no pardon,
 Is no forgiveness with Thee? wilt thou draw
 The sword of justice, for thy broken law?
 We all have sinned before thee; dire oppression
 Hath crushed thy helpless ones, and we were
 dumb
 Or wept in silence o'er the great transgression,
 And now O God—thy day of wrath hath
 come.
 For His dear sake who suffered in the garden,
 Wilt thou avert our well deserved doom?
 Doth *He* not plead for us, wilt thou not pardon?
 Lo in our helplessness to *thee* we come.
 In thy blessed word we read that "when thy
 children
 Shall turn from wandering, and call on thee
 With all their hearts—from out thy holy
 dwelling
 Thine ear shall listen, and thine eye shall
 see."
 Dost thou not look upon our heartfelt sorrow,
 Our deep repentance and our bitter pain?
 And wilt thou grant that o'er our dark to-mor-
 row
 Thy light may shine to guide our steps again.

PAUL AGAINST PAUL.

BY MRS. M. M. BOARDMAN.

"Do you say Mr. R. that the Apostle Paul did not live in bondage? and that his life was not a struggle in which he was overcome continually? See his own words, 'I am carnal, sold under sin, that which I do I allow not, but what I hate, that do I.' He says further 'I find then a law that when I would do good evil is present with me.' What do you make of that?"

"I admit Mr. H. that Paul did use those very words, but did he not also say, 'Likewise reckon yourselves dead

unto sin, but alive unto God through Christ Jesus our Lord?' and did Paul not say, 'For sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace.' I might go on Mr. H. with innumerable quotations to show that Paul felt himself a free man in Christ Jesus, but a few texts are as good as a great many."

"Well then Mr. R. Paul must have felt differently at different times, just like the rest of us; now you can dwell on Paul's state as suits your experience, and I can dwell on that truth which sympathizes with mine. At times he was hopeful and felt stimulated to ardent love, at other times he felt oppressed, and was greatly depressed in view of his low estate, just like the rest of us."

"Then Mr. H. you think Paul was a vacillating and inconsistent Christian, at one time thinking one way, and another time thinking another? Would it not be better to reconcile Paul with himself, and endeavor to understand what he did mean?"

"If such a thing could be done, of course it would be better, Mr. R. How do you reconcile what he says in one place with what he says in another?"

"Paul in the seventh chapter of Romans is describing the struggle of a soul not yet free from the bondage of sin, and he uses the pronoun I, because he can thus make it clear. In the eighth chapter is the victory described as coming after the struggle. In the seventh chapter the flesh is described as struggling against the spirit, and all efforts made do but bring greater bondage, until in his utter helplessness he cries out, after seeing how vain are all his struggles 'Who shall deliver me?' victory comes through the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Do you pretend to say then Mr. H.

that Paul was really delivered from all struggles, that he had no conflicts and was never in bondage?"

"No, I do not say that Paul had no conflicts, and no struggles, but I do say he was not overcome by them, for he says, 'I thank God through our Lord Jesus Christ, who always giveth us the victory;' not once in a while; but 'who always causeth us to triumph through faith in his name.'"

"Well don't all Christians believe in overcoming sin, don't they struggle continually? Mr. H."

"There is the difficulty, the Christian world live in bondage, but Paul did not live in bondage, his course was ever upward, ever victorious over all his foes, both within and without, so that he exclaims; that nothing could separate the Christian from the love of Christ; nor tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or death itself."

"Then you think, Mr. H., that the great difference between the apostle Paul and most Christians, is simply that he knew how to overcome? that he was therefore no bondman, but a free man in Christ Jesus."

"Exactly that; and from the experiences given in the Bible, and the teaching of the Saviour, and his apostles, I judge that, all Christians may be free from bondage to sin, and being made free, may come to know more of the Saviour continually; may see in every advancing step taken, an invitation to come up higher, with that land-mark of love, the Cross, pointing to the Saviour, as able and willing and ready to do all for the Christian that he needs done; yes, more than the Christian can even think. The power of Christ to overcome being known, the joy of salvation is known, and the Christian can say, 'I therein do rejoice,

yea, and I will rejoice, not in anything I am: but in Christ Jesus, in what he is, and what he is able and willing to do for me.' And thus it is that the soul is filled with rapturous joy, in the contemplation of the object of his love and adoration, the one altogether lovely, who can do exceedingly, abundantly, above all we can ask or think."

THE CLOUD OF CHRISTIAN WITNESSES.

"By Faith the first believers sold their possessions and goods, and had all things common.

"By Faith the Apostles rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for the name of Christ.

"By Faith the Son of Thunder, who desired to call down fire on the Samaritan village, became the Apostle of love. By Faith, he sought out the backsliding convert amid his band of robbers, and brought him back to the obedience of the Gospel. By Faith, when too feeble to walk and scarcely able to speak, he still had his friends carry him daily into the midst of the congregation, and said again and again, *Little children, love one another.*

"By Faith the aged Polycarp, when the executioners were about to nail him to the stake, said, *Leave me as I am: for He who ordains that I should endure the fire, will enable me to stand unflinchingly at the pile, without your nails to hold me.*

"By Faith thousands of weak frail mortals, even women, felt their hearts glow with joy, when they heard the rabble in their bloodthirsty frenzy cry, *The Christians to the lions!* the exultation of the victims triumphing over that of the murderers.

"By Faith the persecuted Christians, in a time of terrible pestilence and famine, alone tended and nursed their persecutors, buried them when they died, and, calling the people together, distributed bread amongst them.

"By Faith the Syrian hermit, Telemachus, came from the far East to Rome, and, resolving to stop the gladiatorial contests, rushed into the middle of the amphitheatre, and threw himself between the combatants: whereupon, though he was slain by the fury of the populace, yet the horror excited by the act, and the admiration of his self-devotion, brought about the abolition of those games, which the emperors had been unable to suppress.

"By Faith Ambrose forbad the blood-stained Theodosius to approach the altar, until, as he had followed David in his crime, he had also followed David in his penitence; whereby the emperor was moved to an earnest and lasting repentance.

"By Faith the Waldensians retired among mountain fastnesses, and dwelt in the caves of the Alps, that they might preserve their religion in undefiled purity.

"By Faith Luther burnt the Pope's Bull, and thereby for himself and for millions and millions after him threw off the crushing yoke of Rome.

"By Faith Ridley looked forward with joy to the fire that awaited him, and bad his sister come to his marriage.

"By Faith Oberlin went forth among the Vesges; and, laboring in all things at the head of his people, spread the blessings of religion and civilization among the wild inhabitants.

"By Faith Clarkson and Wilberforce overthrew the slave-trade; and, as it is the nature of the grain of mustard seed

to grow until it has become great among the trees of the forest, so through their Faith has slavery been already abolished throughout the British dominions.

And what shall I say more? For time would fail me to tell of Ignatius, and Justin, and Cyprian, and Perpetua, and Basil, and Chrysostom, and Augustin, and Patrick, and Columban, and Bede, and Wickliff, and Huss, and Melancthon, and Zuinglius, and Calvin, and Rogers, and Latimer, and Knox, and Bunyan, and Fox, and Penn, and Baxter, and Wesley, and Xavier, and Eliot, and Howard, and Simeon, and Neff, and Martyn; who by Faith subdued kingdoms for Christ, wrought righteousness, obtained the fulfilment of the promises, stopped the mouths of blasphemers and filled them with hymns of praise, quenched the violence of hatred, melting it into love, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in the fight against Satan, and turned armies of aliens to bow before the name of the living God. Women and children withstood the entreaties of their parents and children, looking with longing for the moment that was to open the gates of immortality. Children rejoiced in the thought of the glorious city to which they were going. Others, thousands upon thousands, devoted their lives to the humblest labors in the service of Him, whom they would gladly have glorified by their deaths. Wherefore seeing that we also are compassed about with so great a Cloud of Witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and our besetting sin, and let us run the race set before us with patience, looking to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith."

TRUTH is divine and everlasting.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY ALBERT CONKLING.

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him and he cannot sin because he is born of God." So reads the word of my God as recorded in John iii. 9.

Twenty-five years have I been numbered among the professed people of God. The greater part of this time I have lived under condemnation, trying to work out my salvation. The commandment which was ordained to life I found death to me. For "the good I would I do not; but the evil which I would not that I do;" sinning and repenting, praying and weeping, working and doing, going with the church, measuring myself by them, accepted by them, walking in communion and fellowship, in good repute, or as, I may say, much beloved for my consistency and my liberality, until I became satisfied in my own mind that it was will worship, and that it did not spring from love to God and man but from fear of meeting my judge and Saviour in the judgment. I made known my mind to a few brethren in whom I had confidence—my want of conformity to the examples and precepts of my Saviour; declaring that I believed Christ's blood cleanses from all sin, and to be like Christ was the only evidence we had passed from death unto life. I found a few and but a few who sympathized with me. If my memory serves me right, there was not more than six out of a church numbering some four hundred, one of these was a leading, active, praying elder. We clasped the standard of Christ and unfurled it to this church; our motto was inscribed on this banner, "Whosoever is born of God will not sin." We pro-

claimed this sentiment in our prayer meetings and our conversation in and out of the church. The result was, indignation and wrath from the elders, at least some of them; the minister too, long since gone to his rest, was with them in denouncing us as deluded and fanatical, though exceedingly kind and very desirous (honestly I verily believe) of convincing us that we were in an error; but we were firm and uncompromising: the result was, we were suspended. Nevertheless I continued to go with them as if nothing had disturbed our relations or fellowship. I left the city of Albany about this time and removed to my native town, having retired from business to die in my nest, as Job did, with a plenty of this world's goods for every want or even luxury. The church in this village were informed of my change in sentiment or belief; also of my suspension. Notwithstanding this, they offered to take me into their church on confession of faith, urged me so to do, contrary to the rules of our Presbyterian church. In the meantime I met my former pastor in Albany often. He seemed very desirous that I should meet the session and arrange the matter and be again reinstated. I declined so to do for a long time until this dear brother said, brother C—— I would esteem it as a personal favor to have you meet the session in the evening, being in town over night only. Accordingly I did. The first question asked me was if my views or belief were the same? or in other words, If I was sinless. I told them I was in the same mind Paul was—under no condemnation. One of the elders since fallen asleep, said, brother C., I suppose you think the command is to be holy. I answered I do. Nothing more was said. I told them I was in a hurry

and left. I was afterwards informed that I was again reinstated a member of the church, and that they then could give me a letter if I wished it to the church where I had gone. I told them it was unnecessary as they would receive me as before stated without it. Suffice it to say, I never saw fit to join this or any any other church since.* Sometimes I was upon the mountain where Moses stood, then again in the valley; at times I had peace and confidence but was not all the time free from condemnation. I was confident no other rule of life but that of holiness to the Lord would answer for me. Notwithstanding my firm belief of its attainment, I had not the power to live it at all times, and have only attained at the last (about a year since) by the loss of all things, property, reputation (in my own family) and lastly my health. As soon as I saw that from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet it was death and putrefaction, I felt that if I ever obtained deliverance from my nature, I must cease from my works and believe in the Lord with my whole heart. This I did, after I was informed by my sister I could not live but a short time. I was then and had been for months, confined to my home, and bed. I remarked to her it did not seem to me I was going to die. Nevertheless I did die to live. I had a resurrection unto eternal life. The year past and gone has been memorable to me. I have had more enjoyment, greater communion and fellowship with God and His son, than in all my life long. I have been taught of God that the kingdom of heaven was

* Evidently a serious error on the part of our good brother. The church is Christ's body, and should be prized for his sake. [Eds Guide.]

within me, and that it was righteousness, joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. I know my life is hid with Christ in God, and that to live is Christ and to die is gain. In lieu of one Sabbath in the week, I have seven. Every day is consecrated to the Lord. I find it much easier in doing everything to the glory of God, than I did in serving the flesh, the world, and the devil. My peace is like a river, and my or (Christ's righteousness) like the waves of the sea. I now love those who have been born of God more than my brethren and sisters in the flesh, or even my children, and I love God more than all these and the universe besides. But as it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." We (I do) know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not, but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself and that wicked one toucheth him not. "Let everything that hath breath, Praise the Lord."

Conklingville, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1862.

LEANING ON THEE.

Leaning on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blessed;
Though weary, thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, my soul retires
From earthly thoughts and earthly things;
On Thee concentrates her desires,
To Thee she clings.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak—
Too weak another voice to hear—
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love shall guide.

GOD LOVES ME; OR THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A certain man who had been for some years a consistent professor of religion, was perplexed to know why he should meet with so many misfortunes as he did. He was fully convinced that he was a sinner, and that all sorrow was the result of sin. But still, why should he be so much more afflicted than his brethren he could not understand. It seemed to him that others could succeed in their various undertakings, and that their cup of prosperity was filled to the brim. But as for him, adversity met him at every step. He was doomed to disappointment in every worldly scheme that he attempted. He did not want to indulge a Pharisaical spirit, but really he could not see what he had done so much worse than his fellows to merit such adversity.

One day, while brooding over his fortunes, the thought came to him with unwonted power, that "*he was a child of God and that God loved him.*" And then, quick as thought, he recalled the expression of the apostle: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

"Ah," he said, "*God loves me; and the mystery is solved!* Here I have been harboring for many years, a feeling of complaint against God because he did not allow me the same measure of prosperity that he did my neighbors, when if I had taken thought, I might have seen in all my misfortunes constant evidence that God loved me!"

Here is the happy point! To realize the precious truth that *God loves me!* To believe with the *whole heart* that all my disappointments and troubles are

permitted by a kind and loving Father, for my everlasting good! To be able to regard them all as proofs that "God loves me." O, that is a blessed consolation! It is a sweet draught that takes away much of the bitterness of sorrow's cup.

"*God loves me?*" Then let me never repine again at what he does with me; for if he *loves* me he will do what is best for me—though I have to walk through darkness that can be felt, yet may I remember that *God loves me!* Though my earthly life be one scene of uninterrupted adversity, still I must remember *God loves me!*

THE DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT.

"Ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord."

"Let there be light," Jehovah said,
The beam awoke, the light obeyed;
Bursting on chaos dark and wild,
Till the glad earth and ocean smiled.

Formless and void, and dark as night,
My heart remained, till heavenly light,
Obedient to the word divine,
On my dark soul began to shine.

Light broke upon my rayless tomb,
The day-star rose upon my gloom;
And with its gentle new-born ray
Brightened my darkness into day.

Glory to Thee by all be given;—
Of light the light, in earth and heaven;
Of joy the joys, of suns the sun,
Jesus, the Father's chosen one.

Bonar.

HE is a brave Christian, and has much of Christ within, who accounts nothing his own that he does not communicate to others. The bee stores her hive out of all sorts of flowers for the common benefit, and why then in this should not every Christian be like a bee?

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIVINGTON ST., N. Y.

A sister who had possessed almost uninterrupted peace and triumph for seventeen years since she had lived in perfect love, with much feeling spoke of the trials of the past four or five months, unthought of and unexpected—and still continued. She used to think lightly of trials and temptations, and that those whom she saw thus exercised by them might rise above their sorrow and not yield to depression. Now she has learned the trial is in the feeling it, and that the soul in its purity may be smitten with grief above which we cannot rise at all times.

And how sweetly the experience of Jesus enters her heart, "he suffered, being tempted."

A minister rehearsed his experience in the goodness of the Lord, in being with him in new and untried circumstances—such as his habits of study had not fitted him for—the special wisdom which was given him in the time of need which brought the business dear to his heart through a happy issue.

Another minister said, when he could not rejoice he could believe.

Another of the same class said this meeting is to him weekly an "Elim Station," and he always returns to his duties with more grace in his own soul, and help for the good of others.

A Chaplain said that like his brother he had found Christ equal to all emergencies in new and untried circumstances. Before the battle of Fair Oaks a Surgeon said that the Chaplain would stay in the rear with them. Our friend thought a moment, and lifting up his heart for guidance—he found the

answer "go,"—he thought, "now my men need me most I will go."

"OVER THE RIVER."

I caught a radiant glimpse to-night
Of the golden city out of sight,
Throned on the purple hills of light—
Over the river.

I saw the dazzling sea of glass,
And shining shapes that o'er it pass,
I saw their golden cymbals flash,
Over the river.

I saw them there, that martyr band,
Whom patriotic fires had fanned,
To perish for their native land,
Over the river.

There phalanxed 'mid the sons of light,
In stainless uniform of white,
They stood in armor dazzling bright,
Over the river.

I heard the roll call loud and clear,
And each new angel answered here,
Then triumph peans swept my ear,
Over the river.

Oh! the rarest country ever known,
In any clime or any zone—
Native, to angel feet alone,
Over the river.

You have lotus vales, where the weary rest,
You have isles of balm for the distress,
And groves of spice for the early blest,
Over the river.

I saw my fair dead mother go,
Through fields where milk white roses blow,
And strike her golden cymbal low,
Over the river.

My heart beat wild—but tenderly,
She fixed her mild blue eye on me,
And drew me in sweet ecstasy,
Over the river.

I walked the gardens of the blest,
My weary head upon her breast,
And felt the touch of her light caress,
Over the river.

Oh! groves of spice, oh! isles of balm,
Oh! soul-life passing grand and calm,
As the flowing of an organ-psalm,
Over the river.

Louisville Journal.

EVIDENCES—FIVE MINUTES WORK.

BY REV. W. C. DAVIS.

We cry up evidences of religion. Would to God we had more evidences than we have—but *it is base, it is on a legal score*, to trust to one of a thousand of the best evidences that God ever put into a sinner's heart, or refuse to come to Christ when we cannot see those evidences. How often do we sit down and despond when we feel corruption, or when overtaken in a fault; and the true reason is, we are unwilling to come to Christ without some *holy principle* to recommend us. Whenever we think ourselves ugly, we think Christ will have nothing to do with us, and stay back till we pray, confess, repent, and live awhile in a better way; then we imagine we can come forward, and if we happen to fall into sin on the way, we turn right back and fall on our faces, and weep and mourn, till we wipe away our crime; then we come to Christ, depending on nothing for an acceptance with him but our repentance, tears and reformation—and while we continue in a pretty lively frame, we can venture almost to call Jesus our Saviour; but as soon as we get into darkness and coldness, or into some sin, we are all despondence and doubt again. This is the wretched race I ran for twelve years, depending altogether on my own work and God's work in me, and not on Himself, who had promised to do all things for me. I dragged heavily, wading through darkness, temptations and tears, and no wonder, when I had no dependence on anything but what I had in hand, and often I thought I had nothing; and I looked not to Christ for support in future.

O the wickedness of my heart! what little faith is given to God's word, while all our hope is in our own exercises. Thus far twelve years' experience taught me, the last two of which I spent in bitter lamentations and distress, in which time I studied the nature of faith for life and death; and the more I thought on, the less I knew about it, and I am persuaded that if any man buy his knowledge of faith as dear as I did, he will thank God for it when he gets it.

After two years' anxiety, preaching every Sabbath, with awful apprehensions of eternity, conscious that I knew nothing of the Gospel, almost in despair, searching the Scriptures to know what I was, and what would become of me, it pleased God to bring me out of an abyss of darkness, into the blaze of an assurance.

I always thought by evidences I was to know whether I was to be saved or not, and took my Bible, read over John's first epistle, compared my heart and life, and compared again, and again—searched the Scripture, where marks are given, and all books, and my own knowledge of what Christians ought to feel. I left nothing untried but one thing, and that was the main thing. At length I read the Scripture, "*he that believeth shall not be ashamed.*"

My poor burthened soul met the joyful tidings with pleasure and surprise. I never before, at least with any degree of confidence, saw Christ offered in the Gospel. I took him at his word, gave myself to him, and placed my hopes alone on him. I clearly saw that I had all along been trusting to my own feelings, duties, repentance &c., but I cast them all behind my back, and counted them as *dung*, and came to a precious, faithful Saviour, with nothing

but sin. I believe him to be faithful, and therefore I committed all into his hands, and looked to his faithful word for the salvation of my soul. All this was done in five minutes. I felt easy, happy and humble; ashamed of my former ways, and thankful to God for his most gracious deliverance. The next Sabbath I preached that sermon on faith, at M—— which I hope you will remember as long as you live.

Faith in Christ has ever since, and ever shall be, my only hold. Jesus is a faithful Saviour; I love his name, I love his cross, I love his word, and my whole hope is in him, and I know I shall never be ashamed, and I know this because he has said so.

Moreover, I say he is able, willing, true, and faithful; he has said, promised, signed, sealed with his blood, and sworn by himself. Heb. vi. 17, 18, 19, 20.

Thus I glory in the cross of Christ. If I am asked what Christ has done for me; he has fulfilled the law, died, rose and makes intercession for me. As to what he has done in me, he has shown me that I am a poor, imperfect lost sinner, in myself—that I have a wicked, wretched and deceitful, hard, unbelieving heart in me, and that I have need of his pardoning blood and sanctifying spirit.

1795.

THE POST OF DUTY.—You have your work to do for Christ *where you are*. Are you on a sick-bed? Still you have work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Live for Christ where you are.

"If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

BY PHEBE P. DALEY.

Sickness and care, around me throw
Their cold—cold arms of pain and woe;
Friends now forsake me, and depart,
Whose love once cheered my aching heart—
Yet—since I know it is *His* will
Although I mourn—"I'll trust Him still."

I know I need the chastening rod,
My heart *so* turns to *Earth* from *God*;
I need the wormwood and the gall—
I need these sorrows one and all;
Love's choicest gift are they to me
Since, Lord, they *bind my heart to thee*.

Then O my God—I'll not complain,
Since earthly *loss* is heavenly *gain*;
For—though this earth a desert be
With no sweet flower of love for me—
I'll find them in a world above,
Bright fadeless flowers of heavenly love.

Grant but the favor of thy grace,
Grant but the blessing of thy peace,
And I will take from thy dear hand
Whate'er thy wisdom shall command;
Triumphantly resigned to be
In suffering's fellowship, with thee.
Milan, Ohio, Sept. 20th.

NEVER FAIL US.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Life nor death shall us dis sever
From his love who reigns forever;
Will he fail us? never! never!
When to him we cry!

Wily sin may seek to snare us;
Fury-passion strive to tear us;
Toil and sorrow waste and wear us:—
Is no helper nigh?

Yes! his might shall still defend us;
And his blessed Son befriend us;
And his holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die.

REFLECTION.—The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.—*Confucius*.

I WISH I WAS IN HEAVEN.

"I wish I was in heaven," said Dorothy, resting her tired head upon her hand, and sighing deeply. She was looking into the future. She saw a bent, prematurely old creature, toiling amid cares and perplexities, with no earthly light around her, toiling hopelessly, thanklessly, and to no purpose. One has said that there are some natures which seem to have wings, and fly lightly over all the rough places in the world; Dorothy did not have such a nature; she felt keenly all her sorrows and hardships; life had been a weary journey to her thus far, and when she thought of all the suffering that must come, she wished she was in heaven. Like David, she said, "O, that I had wings like a dove! for then I would fly away and be at rest."

Willie's black eyes grew large with thoughtfulness, and while he made fantastic figures on his slate in some embarrassment as to the delicacy of the question—he asked, "You would not want to go to heaven before they wanted you there, would you?"

That was a view of the subject which Dorothy had not taken, and she began to reflect thereupon, looking into the fire. Willie was still as a mouse, the old cat purred softly on the hearth rug, the clock ticked dreamily in the corner, and Dorothy seemed to look forward again, in the dim future, to that toiling figure which bore her features, and which she recognized as herself.

Suddenly the future became the present. She felt the heavy cross upon her shoulders, she wiped the sweat from her brow, and groaned, unmindful of that grace which might be sufficient for her—"I wish I was in Heaven." The cross fell from her shoulders, and she

felt herself borne upward on swift pinions through an atmosphere of purple light to Heaven. She listened to celestial music. Every song was one of triumph, of victory over sin and Satan, of those who had been conquerors in much tribulation—"through the dear might of Him who walked the waves" of earth's troubled sea. She could not join that choir. No angel hands were outstretched to welcome her, no voice proclaimed, "Well done good and faithful servant!"

And one with the print of the nails in His hands and feet, met her with a sad smile, and directed her gaze earthward. She saw, like a shining path, the road where she had traveled, and the cross she had laid down, her work half done. She saw, too, where that path lay in the future. There were tears to be wiped away, lonely hearts to be cheered, suffering want to be relieved, wanderers to be led into the right way. There was one soul whom none but she might save. His path crossed hers and mingled with it. Already he had plunged into depths of wickedness, and was straying amid mazes of error and doubt. It would have been her work to lead him aright. She turned to the Master: "Let me go back and finish my work," she said pleadingly, "let me save this soul, and minister to those other needy hearts." She felt herself borne down to the earth again, chanting in unison with angels, "My times are in thy hand."

"Did you know you had been asleep, Dorothy?" said Willie.

"No—no! I don't wish I was in Heaven," she said with tears in her eyes; "not now; I will do my work first."

"And you can sing,

'There is sweet rest in Heaven,'

and be thinking of it all the time," said Willie, as he seized his cap and rushed out of doors, unable to keep still longer.

We may often say, like Dorothy, "I wish I was in Heaven," when sorrows and trials are many, and the burdens of life are heavy, and hands that once clasped ours are beckoning us upward; we may pant to see the glorious face of Jesus, but let us have patience to wait for those glories, as well as faith to behold them, remembering that though pilgrims, we are laborers in God's vineyard, and that our hands may bind some little sheaf for the Master which else were left ungarnished.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

THE CONDESCENSION OF JESUS.

This is the great crowning mystery of our faith. The established order of heaven and earth seems to have been inverted. The God of angels, such by right of creation, as already seen, was comforted amid the sorrows of Gethsemane, by an angel of God. The Judge of the universe was arraigned before the consistorial seat of Caiaphas and compelled to bear the engine of his own death and symbol of his infamy. He who had been used to the homage and salutations of heaven from everlasting, had his hallowed cheek polluted by the guilty lips of hell—those lips that had negotiated the covenant of his murder and sealed the compact of his death.

Those almighty hands that built the stories of the heavens, that flung through immensity its mighty wilderness of suns and systems; and those feet that, treading the sapphire plains of the heavenly world, had the nations for a footstool, were spiked in agony to

the cursed tree. His brow, that from all the hoary annals of eternity had sparkled with immortal majesty, is now shaded beneath a thorny diadem. He for whom heaven and earth could not furnish a worthy train, is crucified between two thieves! He who rolls your rivers, supplies your springs and bowls unbounded ocean in the hollow of his hand, said "I thirst!"—and gall was all he got to drink! How measureless this surrender of claim!

He took our nature in a manger—was driven by Herod into Egypt—was obscurely educated in a cottage of Galilee—was tempted by the devil—was derided by his kindred—was traduced by the Jews, persecuted by the priesthood, betrayed by his disciples, and murdered by the world! Here we have the ineffable climax of grandeur and humiliation! Spirit of the heavens! Teach us the import of a mystery so trans-human, and in the centre of our conscious being touch and penetrate the master-springs of devout and adoring emotion.

[Messiah's Kingdom, by Bascom.

THE THREE WISHES.—The apostle Paul had three wishes—that he might be *found* in Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ.—*Luther*.

IF God cut thee off in the midst of thy days and the best of thy strength, it may be he hath some great work in hand from which he meaneth to save thee.—*Bp. Sanderson*.

BLESSED are they who see the day of glory, but more blessed are they who contribute to its approach.—*Secker*.